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Of The North, By The North, For The Northerners

BY PAT CARNEY

While we southern Canadians meet in decision provincial conferences to talk of repatriating our constitution, of writing the last chapter in the story of Canada's evolution from British colony to sovereign nation, the 33,000 Canadians north of the 60th parallel in the Northwest Territories remain, after a century, a colonial people governed, not from Whitehall, but from Ottawa. But around the campfires at Trout Lake (above) and in communities throughout the North the people are now learning to govern themselves. On the following pages, *Maclean's* takes you to the Northwest Territories where Pat Carney reports their successes and failures, their problems and promises — and then back to Ottawa where Walter Stewart asks Indian Affairs and Northern Development Minister Jean Charest about the future of this quiet evolution north of 60.

THE INDIANS CALL him *Owagwag*, big bull head-on. My five-year-old son calls him the Polar Bear Man. I prefer to think of him as the Chief of Jasper's band, chief executive officer of an area six times the size of France, a man who holds the combined powers of a premier, a cabinet and a lieutenant-governor.

Officially, Stuart M. Hodgson is Commissioner of the Northwest Territories. His boss, Indian Affairs and Northern Development Minister Jean Charest, has given him the task of developing self-government in the Territories; remnants of former fur-trade country that remained after the creation of the Yukon and the Prairie provinces.

You're likely to find him in some Eskimo community hall, filled with smoke and the crunch of seal, explaining local government; while the nation round his remarks in syllables, the Eskimo short-

hand: "Government is like a *Soo-Do*," he says, pointing for the translator. "Sometimes you pull it and it doesn't start, and you can't fix it until you understand how it works." Or you're in him in some remote Arctic schoolhouse, crowded with a pair of the Fishers of Greenland, telling people about Canada. "This land belongs to all of us, as Canadians, and we must help each other. The people of the north paid for this school, these houses. They know this is a hard country, and they are very proud of you. But you must do more for yourself. That is called local government."

A 46-year-old former BC labor leader, Hodgson is the first Northwest Territories commissioner who has made his home in the North and the first non-Indian person ever to hold the position. Until 1958 the Territories were run by the head of the North West Mounted Police,



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ELECTROHOME

he had won a delay. So when the chief gave him a list of 14 questions submitted by the band council and demanded an immediate decision he was caught off guard. "I should have said no," he said. "But I had a toothache, and Yellowknife was across the country. And I wondered are they further ahead than I thought?"

He had his answer a few days later when the caucus of a white fish trader and a white contractor, neither of whom had been chosen by the band council, were added to the consultation list. The Indians were apprehensive. They were concerned the white man would win. In the Territorial election, they nearly all voted for the same candidate. Another man won, and they never understood why.

On August 5 London opened the polling station in the community hall at 10 a.m. A few whites voted in the morning. Some Miles drifted in. About 35 votes were cast. Nobody else came. Harry sent some children to find out why. The chief had gone to Yellowknife, they reported cheerfully, to have the election stopped.

Naturally, the white men topped the polls. "Do you know the majority who voted, or the majority who did not?" asked London. "I think the first issue of democracy should be that if you don't vote, you don't have a say in your own affairs." But Deputy Commissioner John Parker declared the election void. "There was no one going ahead," Parker told me later. "The whole purpose of the election was to resolve the [logging] and they simply weren't going to vote."

When he left Port Rae in February, London felt that self-government had been delayed there for a generation. But in the North, nothing is given up. Quietly, the Indians of Port Rae elected a settlement advisory council and its own school board. Last year was delighted. "That is why I live in the North. I'm afraid I'd miss something if I leave." □



The Indians worked 2,000 hours without pay during the lodge. They know the lodge is their own thing.

Indian self-help at Trout Lake: A community buys a fishing lodge

OLD TERRY JAMES must be more than 70 years old, but with the sharp blade of his axe he can still trim the pine logs seen neatly as the newest fishing lodge his Shave Indian tribe is building on Trout Lake in the western corner of the Northwest Territories. Inside him, 19-year-old Douglas James helps lift a newly scathed log into place. Despite his fringed suede coat and grey shoes, Douglas has never had a job away from the tradition. His idea of a morning task is to drive his dog sled 35 miles in winter to the ice road, where he fetches a rule to Port Simpson, 100 miles away, and in run-down hotel, deer-hat, fur and occasional bowled dance.

Joe had Douglas as a trap in the last age, coming about \$1,000 a year from the timber, moose, and such in winter, making such in the wilderness surrounding Trout Lake. But now they have a chance to become part owners and operators of the Trout Lake Fishing Lodge, one of the most ambitious "self-help" programs ever launched

by the Indians in the Territories.

Development of the North has somehow bypassed Trout Lake, an isolated community of 49 people, 925 sled dogs and three snowmobiles. Half a mile down the beach from the lodge, women dry fish and two moose hides outside their tents, while chased and growling sled dogs crawl through the pine stands.

Operating a small business of any kind in the North is costly and usually only marginally profitable. The Trout Lake tribe knows something about income — they fish with nets, not tackle — but they are determined to make a success of their new lodge, one of the few Indian-owned and operated in the Territories (most log fishing camps are owned by Americans).

"It's mainly for the kids, so they can have something here as," explained Terry Kitchas, a 33-year-old Port Nelson Indian who married into the Trout Lake tribe. He has two children, and he knows that if the lodge fails, they will become members of the last generation, the 16- to 30-year-olds who have no interest in their parents' way of life and insufficient education for any jobs in the snow.

But there are no jobs at Simpson — only drinking and "self-help" programs ever launched

are scarce for Terry Kitchas, with only four years of schooling and almost no interest for men such as 30-year-old David James, who had no schooling at all and learned what little English he knows from his brother.

Hence the fishing lodge. The tribe pooled their annual \$50 community-development grant, voted out by the Territorial government, to make the \$32,000 down payment on the lodge owned by Dick Turner, the trader at Nahanni House, 80 km away. They are applying for a government loan to cover the remainder of the \$5,000 purchase price. Living on made-up scraps, they stripped the weathered logs of the main cabin down to fresh wood and resawned them. They built a new addition with hand-hewn, tapered pine logs down the lake behind their locker-powered boats. They cooked the walls with moss and saplings and roofed the cabin with poles.

In July, when my brother-in-law and I flew into Trout Lake with Art Goreau, the Territorial development officer at Simpson, 17 men and five women had worked 2,500 hours without pay, putting in 90-hour days, five days a week. There was no money to buy furniture, window-sashes, doors. They had done everything they could with hand tools. "These people are pushing the clock without anyone here telling them to," said Goreau, looking through the tribe's first look. "Outside, we offer them jobs, where we can find them, but we wouldn't take ourselves, at maybe \$1.55 an hour. But they know this lodge is their own thing."

Goreau's mental presentation of business seemed. The Indians gathered in the lodge kitchen, immaculately clean. Outside a Canadian flag fluttered in the breeze. Terry Kitchas took the floor. He had been elected president of the Trout Lake Fishing Lodge by a secret ballot (each man stopping outside the lodge and whispering his choice to a waiter from Yellowknife). He translated from English into Shirey for Goreau.

Break out the frosty bottle



and keep your martinis dry!

"Tell them they have done a hell of a fine job out here," said Gordon. He listened and then, for a moment, he stood with a strong face and direct manner. Ketchum translated. The Indians beamed, and Joseph nodded his head. Only Joe Punch remained unresponsive, and wanted to be president and only made director.

"Tell them their fur got to the auction here, and their cheques won't be here until next month," Gordon said. "Give it a week. The Indians heard this without comment. Their families were running out of grub. Fur prices were poor last season.

The trading continued. They discussed the purchase of a larger fishing boat from

Great Slave Lake, so tourists can take where it is windy. They agreed to use it, if they can build one themselves, if they can't, they will negotiate for one. The meeting ended. The man went back to work. Between the pages of the true book left on the kitchen table was \$25 in bills, returned from the first group of tourists up from Port Nelson. The Trout Lake Fishing Lodge displays its guests \$10 for the night and \$15 per day for guide and boat. It is less expensive than the lodges around Yellowknife — and the fishing is better. "Nobody is going to get rich," says Gordon, "but it means the people can buy staples and get for their children. And it

shows what can be done."

If you give a man something to do that he is good at, he doesn't need to learn no culture. At Simpson, not one kid has ever asked me for his identity. They want jobs."

I asked 21-year-old Victor why he is driving away on the lodge, without pay, when he could be fishing or swimming. "Because it will help bring tourists here," he replied. "But will they come?" I asked, busy of the visitors. "If we trust 'em right," said Victor.

Some Territorial attempts to act as Indian-owned and operated enterprises have been crushing failures. "But how much assistance do you force on them?" asks A. R.

Bullimore, director of industry and development for the Territories. "When does it stop being their own thing? We want them to find they succeeded themselves, even if it takes a little longer."

When the Governor is 185 loaded on Trout Lake to pick up on the next day the tribe assembled on the beach. Only one Anglique, one of the best trappers in camp, hung back in the bush with her gun. Jean told them that if the lodge succeeds, all other Indians will be proud of them. He told them — as Joe Punch talked down the beach — that they must work together. If they build a line lodge with good guides, Jean said, tourists will come. □

Provincehood for the Northwest Territories? Yes, says Indian Affairs and Northern Development Minister Jean Chrétien, some day ... when the North can pay its own way

"HOW LONG ARE YOU going to keep these people waiting? I wanted to know." "Wait until the Northwest Territories becomes a province."

Jean Chrétien, Minister of Indian Affairs and Northern Development, sat in his chair across a planked wooden floor, his feet on a desk top and placed around the room, talking in the familiar Ottawa air, the comforting broadness, the impressive plainness of government documents. This is the heart of his kingdom, the nerve centre of northern policy, the place where decisions are made. It's a long way, I couldn't help thinking, from First Street. The minister's office occupies one wing corner of the 16th-floor floor of the Parliament Tower, a downtown Ottawa. Here, the struggles at Trout Lake, at Yellowknife, seem small — if not even to disturb the minister's office than to buy the Trout Lake fishing lodge.

Chrétien held his paper cup back and forth, such a habit as he sits in his office, cupped in his hand, then it down. Silence hangs between us, a tugging force, and then he said, choosing his words as if he was plotting moves, his fingers. "The Territories will become a province



Jean Chrétien.

"Because I pay the bill" once when it has the population and the necessary — the stable economy — to support provincial status."

In 90 months of prodding I could push him no further than that. He would not say what population at what revenue would suffice, he would not guess when they might be reached, and he refused the notion that because other provinces were formed with smaller populations and fewer resources, the North should be given the same chance.

"When you look today at the Prairie provinces, when you look at the Maritimes, when they reach closer decisions? A lot of people think there should be one Prairie province, one Maritime province. Well, if that was a mistake, they would regret the

mistake, just because of tradition."

Nor would he concede that northern resources belong to northerners. "They belong to Canada. We pay 85% of the costs up there, not for one group of people, but for all of Canada." (This year, the Territorial Government will spend \$75 million, of which \$70 million will come from Ottawa — resource revenues will bring in five million dollars.) But resource development will cost seven million dollars.)

Resource control is the crux of Chrétien's argument. Self-help projects among the natives — such as that at Trout Lake — are valuable. Chrétien said, but the real future for northerners of all races lies in the enlarged and self-enclosed minerals that means creating an oil nation of southern and native cultures. "It is too bad, perhaps, but it has already happened. We cannot walk away.

The Eskimos are not going to go back to being a happy hunter — they're just a resource to be drained. And the kind of resource development that the Eskimos see demands know-how and capital from the south. They will be provoked, but as a sovereign nation, the Eskimos of Sachs Harbour be-

cause marriage because of exploration threatened their for hunting. Christian few months, not to cut off the Eskimos, but to assure the natives that the exploration would not drive out the Eskimos.

"Who should you make that decision?" I asked.

"Because I pay the bill."

"But Prime Minister Inland doesn't pay it, and you can't tell them what to do."

"I ask you again, does that make sense? If we make a mistake before, should we make it again? We have seen how badly resource development was bungled in the south. We are not going to let it happen in the North."

In short, the North will agree to provincehood, with the federal government over it at all times. The first small steps are being taken today at Yukon and Trout Lake, at Fort Rae and Yellowknife. Soon, Chrétien hopes, the stride will lengthen, and someday the Territories will be ready to run on its own. But not until the federal government is satisfied it has the men and the muscle to manage its own resources.

When will that be? The minister doesn't know, and at the moment he is in no hurry to find out.

WALTER STEWART

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The Village That Showed Canada One-Way Pop Bottles Can Be Beaten

BY MILES OREMAN

IMAGINE a bulldozer churning through Wrentham's heart of golden daffodils, and you'll recognize the site of what pollution could do to the natural beauty of Salmon Arm, B.C., a community of 1,900 nestled between Kamloops and Revelstoke. The village clings to a mountainside with a grand stand view of Shuswap Lake, one of the most stunning scenery in a desert landscape for its spectacular scenery. The lake, shaded like a giant jasper, is within hundreds of miles of almost untouched coastlines. In its green-blue depths, clear as polished glass, lurk 20,000 rainbow trout. Its white sand beaches

have only recently felt the impact of summer vacationers. These vacationers, plus the thousands of tourists who travel the Trans Canada Highway, provide Salmon Arm with its main livelihood. It has a greater stake than most towns in keeping its heritage unspoiled. Perhaps this awareness was what helped unite the community earlier this year in a remarkable show-down with the glass and soft-drink industries. Salmon Arm faced up to the challenge of the throwaway pop bottle with its inevitable trail of trash-clogging litter and waste.

Battle was joined when a new \$12-million plant was opened in Vernon, 60 miles south, to manufacture glass containers for the food and drink industry. At least 40% of the plant's production was intended to be recyclable bottles. At the same time a new soft-drink bottling plant in Vernon decided to switch its entire production to reusable bottles. Residents in Salmon Arm were warned that the established deposit bottles would soon be withdrawn and replaced by "communes of pollution." Villagers had in store their battle's most recently shown with strength — and potentially disaster — bottles. "What can we do about it?" one of them asked. Denis Marston, 32-year-old publisher of the Salmon Arm Observer, the

quarterly started one of the most successful anti-pollution campaigns ever staged by a small community in Canada.

Marston began by placing a series of signs, referees in his newspaper, *Pressure Shy*, deep beauty. It was to accept non-recyclable bottles. Before long private citizens were buying signs in the Observer using its support of the bottle boycott. Those who didn't buy who wrote letters to the editor. Meanwhile, under the guidance of editor Gordon Powell, even the Observer kept going full-page to the bottle is free in editorials, cartoons and news pages feature stories that made prominent mention of individuals who refused to handle deposit bottles.

Mrs. Doreen Break, a quiet spoken wife of a local high-school teacher, mounted a personal campaign against throwaways. She asked for and won the support of the village council and got the blessing of the regional council. She also canvassed all the merchants selling soft drinks, many of whom were discovering they had practical reasons for supporting the new bottles. Joe Busch, a bowling-alley operator, complained to the bottle when he found himself with 5,000 non-recyclables to haul to the dump every month. He was told the most popular brand name of the bottles so much as he hoped.

to the second most popular brand name of the bottles so much as he hoped.

This pressure left the village's best supermarkets with a tough decision: throw out the more convenient (for them) one-way bottles or argue with angry customers. "We didn't have much choice," says Lloyd Adams, manager of one supermarket. "The customers were fighting their about non-recyclables."

Realizing they would have to live with the billion-dollar business of handling recyclable bottles, the supermarkets or perhaps a common bottle deposit and agreed to take back empties in a one-to-one basis. During the height of the rebellion, the Glass Container Council of Canada sent a public relations representative Patrick Lavellie all the way from Toronto to stand a loss meeting in the state. By the time Lavellie had learned victory and were in no mood to be conciliatory. "It was a very emotional evening," remarks Mrs. Lavellie. "I was introduced as the man who represents the garbage industry."

However, I managed to put the glass industry's case — that we are being forced into one-way bottles by the competition from the can industry — and I think arguments were well received."

By the time the boycott became publicly effective, several reports on a wider scale were to vindicate the pressure taken by Salmon Arm. The provincial government introduced legislation, effective August 15, making refunds of beer and soft-drink containers compulsory — bottles and cans alike.

With the prospect of more turn bottles being cleared out of the province, endorsed by January, Salmon Arm is feeling justifiably victorious. "Nine days when somebody here drops litter he is not to be challenged for it in public," says Denis Marston. "People are always saying, 'What can we do about pollution?' Well there is something you can do as Salmon Arm has shown."

Editor's note: What can POU do to show the Salmon Arm spirit? See page B10.

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OUR VIEW

YOUR VIEW

- ☐ Listen, doctor, our time is money, too
- ☐ Let's make sure the poor are always with us
- ☐ Your view on that commune: a housewife who lost heart finds a clue to the secret of life



BY ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

Wanted: A doctor who doesn't keep you hanging around

THE LAST TIME I had an appointment with an eye doctor I was short of time and worried right through my lunch hour then took a cab, through heavy downtown traffic, which cost me \$2.50 plus my run up a flight of stairs, and arrived at the doctor's office perspiring, puffing and hungry, but on time. Then, I spent the next hour chomping and staring dead at a picture of a flying hawk in the doctor's waiting room with four other patients who were ahead of me, including one man in a plaid shirt who told me he'd been waiting for an hour before I arrived and that he had a host rental business in Idaho and had got back to it because it was the peak of the tourist season. I could have come upon by on cart and the doctor would never have known the difference. I hope that if he ever puts on a mask, looks down at me, says, "Needle" and gives me my retina or something, he won't be trying to better than when he makes appointments.

I know there's only one doctor to every 865 people in Canada and it

wouldn't surprise me to hear that he had told them off to be at his office at the same time because he'd obviously when's disappointed. Last June 27 my wife made an appointment with a women doctor for 2 p.m. on August 27 — two months ahead. When she arrived, 15 minutes early on the right day there were no other patients waiting. The secretary took her name and medical insurance number but by 3 p.m. nothing else had happened. At 5:00 p.m. the doctor came out of her office and disappeared down a corridor. She may have come back, but my wife didn't wait to find out, and I don't know how long ago a friend of hers had an appointment at one o'clock with a doctor in a hospital for a minor, but painful, bladder infection. At 4:05 p.m. the mentioned that she'd been there for three and a half hours and had to get home. She waited four hours for a job that took a technician three minutes. This isn't helping the doctors, nurses, the patients, the hospital or humanity. It's a foolish waste of everybody's time. I kept appointing me, but I'd be out of work in a week. If an actor, politician, journalist or an of company flight dispatcher or car mechanic says he'll see you at 2:30 p.m., he and I agree he sees you at 2:30 p.m. When a doctor says he'll see you at 2:30 p.m., it apparently never crosses his mind that you might take him seriously. I think it's time he stopped running his business as if nobody else had to make a living. I know doctors are under pressure. I could even understand it if they were falling behind in their work. But they aren't falling behind in their work. They're keeping up with it, on their own way, on their own and half behind. They have known that they can take an average of a certain number of patients a day, that there'll be a certain number of phone calls, and delays. Why can't they make allowances for them, say what they must, and keep roughly some kind of schedule? Doctors can do it. The Canadian Medical Association obviously thinks doctors can do it because they send them a booklet tell-

ing them how to do it and warning them that delays from over-scheduling break down relations with the patients. One official with the Ontario Medical Association told me that the president of the association was horrified recently to learn that a teacher in a school for medical students had been asking her classes to always list a selection from a pharmacological or other medical faculty strategy in ahead of patients. The president put a stop to it, but I don't blame the teacher. She'd obviously picked up her opinion of patients from the way doctors keep them waiting. These habits are in contradiction to the common cold and the doctor's habit of efficiently squandering other people's time is getting worse, and things don't look any better, if as good, for future generations. The University of Western Ontario awarded a 15-week elective course, which dealt with how to schedule patients, because medical students weren't showing any interest in it.

But the really awful thing is that patients are getting the habit of accepting all this as if it were as inevitable as sucking another. One old guy told me the other day that he had a really good doctor. "When he says he'll see you at 2:30 p.m., he'll see you at 2:30 p.m.," he chuckled happily. I thought I'd discovered a doctor who was really saving people on time and I asked him if he meant he got right in to see the doctor and he said, "Oh, no, there are always about four people ahead of me." When I asked him why the doctor would make appointments for four people at the same time, he looked at me in surprise and said, "Oh, well, that's all he won't be kept waiting," which apparently he thought was quite reasonable. Well I don't. If everyone operated that way the nation's business would grind to a halt. I think when a doctor says he'll see you at 2:30 p.m. he should mean he'll see you at 2:30 a.m. and not that you can come in and begin waiting at 6:30 a.m. Then he'll be on time for the next patient, which will make everyone feel better. □

Continued on page 14



BY GEORGE WOODCOCK

The state should pay the dropout with dreams

Nearly one-seventh of the 49th parallel, and elsewhere in the world generated income is under more serious discussion than ever before and there are hints that even Ottawa is considering its current employment. But here is still both here and reason for those who favor such a restriction to prevent their own.

I support a guaranteed income, but for different reasons than those usually argued. I don't see it as a means to end poverty. I am not sure that poverty should be entirely abolished, provided the stigma is taken out of it. Indeed, I see the guaranteed income as a way to combine a tolerated poverty with a viable alternative to the material and pointless affluence that most of us — including the present poor — are now demanding.

To begin, there is a fundamental difference between a guaranteed income available to every person if he chooses to request it, and a subsidy to tide social instabilities over a period of need. Obviously a subsidy will at ways be limited to certain as income to those who, through unemployment, or sickness, or more good reasons, are unable to live by working. To them, we should give more than a handout, we should try to inject meaning as well as money into their lives, a task which most social workers are completely untrained and unequipped for. If the kind of affluent consumer on film and TV is what they are foolish enough to want, there is more than

enough latent productivity in our industrial system to provide it.

The guaranteed income I am talking about is something quite different. It is not a weapon against poverty, it implies an acceptance of poverty. It is a reason for the satisfaction, the imagination and the respectability to enjoy that lives and lives more.

I remember, long ago in the Depression, reading a book called *Art by Clio Bell* (London: the kind of book, where one would expect to find a guide to social modernism, it was an early defense of "modern" art, written in 1914, to bring such wild painters as Picasso to the attention of a grudging public. But in 1914 — unlike 1970 — there was no money in avant garde painting. Most people still wanted something like *The Four At Bay* or Whistler's *Mother and her sons*. The painter who insisted on defying the idea that a painting should look like a colored anatomical photograph could expect to starve — as some literally did — unless he had a private income or found a patron, and patrons for way-out painting were thin, few and far between. In the 1930s, Douglas or his disciple *Abba* Bell proposed the national dividend. Clio Bell suggested that a tiny basic income be made available to anyone wanting to opt out of accepted employment patterns. It should, said Bell, be set so low that only those who valued freedom enough to enjoy it in Spartan conditions — and that meant him and artists — would accept the offer. By the time Bell's message reached me via London's *Publishing Public Library* it was 1933, the Depression was at its height and one gripped with the desperation of a child-hunger who ever job line had been able to grub with subsistence of food. I was a young poet, trapped as a clerk, longing to live by my writing, but in those days the profitable campus reading circuit did not exist and few magazines even paid for poems they published. Most young writers were as badly frustrated as I, and if by some feat of economic magic the income suggested by Bell would have been provided, thousands of us would have thrown up our jobs and gone to live on a pension a week in one of the local Grass Street.

There are two reasons why Bell's proposal makes better logic in 1970 than in 1914 or even 1933. Increased productivity has made it more feasible and the general pattern of industrial development has made it more desirable. The most realistic concern about affording will not prevent millions of workers becoming redundant in terms

of regular employment. Thousands of the young have already decided to opt out, and automation gives a logic to their attitude.

In this context, I propose the Guaranteed Income, and for every one but as a choice for those who accept its rigors. There will always be people attracted to a regular life with material rewards and they should be paid to keep going the productive and administrative processes which social conditions who accept the same values should be allowed to serve society as best they can in return for the above-poverty living they demand.

But there should be an alternative for those who accept a deliberate, dedicated and therefore depleted poverty as the price of opting out of the routine. They should receive enough to keep them alive with no questions and no obligations. There are precedents. In medieval Europe, in ancient Asia, provision was made for men to retire from the world, living frugally, and the resultant social dividend was immense. The monasteries of Europe created a hospital system, developed education in the Dark Ages, and made the technological breakthroughs that led to the industrial revolution.

Nowadays there is no question of restricting a guaranteed living to holy men. Those who need to write or paint, to develop new social patterns, to pursue scholarship outside a cramping academic setting, to rescue rural life rich people (like the medieval monks) are setting out to enrich the world and thereby deserve to live while they experiment. To all such creative dropouts, from the regular employment pattern, I would offer the guaranteed income. It would be minimal income, so low that only those who had made the decision to accept poverty as the price of a meaningful life would be likely to accept. It would give them the basic security from which freedom, courage and the way of life of a world encourage might provide a suggestive alternative to straight society, a simplified existence intended to show how far we can reduce effluence and hence eliminate the waste that helps to impoverish and pollute our environment. It is an option when all the middle class has been pre-empted, all the physical frontiers filled, it would be the equivalent of giving a man a grubstake to prospect an unknown valley and it might bring back some of the lost vigor of that age when the land was open. □

George Woodcock is an author and editor of *Canadian Literature*.

continued

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The Indian Place completed. When Marlene was there it was into construction.

Recently, he says Marlene's article inspired such reader response as *Would You Give Up \$25,000 A Year To Feed Poverty-Stricken Children In The Indian Country?* (January 1994) and *The Indian Place* — a comment on a BC island where Alan Edmunds reports receiving about 100 requests for the name of the island, and stories of letters to the forwarded to founder Ted Selzer. Many are from people who want to go there or live there. "Keep forwarding the mail," he wrote. *More for the sample!*

Here I was dragging around the house, clanking wondering why I'm doing it, not really caring and being — as you can see the machine. For a minute I think he's going to leave me. I'm not going to let him go. He's in his hand but he's leaving, going on his own. Marlene, Canada, this is a chance to see him and you can look at pictures and see how much work is going on the machine as a result. I just go through the magazine, flip over the article on volunteer and here in Canada already about 200 people are coming and spending about that and carry on each night of a new picture of a girl holding the children — start to read. Having read it stop put a cup of coffee and read again — volunteer the picture. I start thinking what a good life this looks like. I start wondering where Robin said I got off the track — both 25 have a lovely home, my life degree, he's a scholar, both in debt. Robin had off due to a stroke and now living in his life as a nurse and actually being the person between children's lives and trying to find a job to make up for the money you lose not selling insurance policies. Thinking how I need to say it was very important to reach a child your self in its few years of life and now looking for a job. Not being happy because of money and thinking things about each other's family when you really mean what's wrong with the world. It

discovering the new man who promised support on the policy, not only to go to the lower threatening legal action when you're 123 behind. Marlene and others, like Robin, he's very intelligent and won't be satisfied with a job till he has a degree. Robin, he's not only still doing the newspaper, looking back and a couple of years and wondering what happened to all the enthusiasm and joy there was then. Thinking scary thoughts about death and being scared of an empty life. Lots of people driving by his car and sometimes they hit just small, old one. Robin's all you've got but they don't see Marlene as an investment of time. I've rugged fences and dark and disposed tools for my picnic table and somebody puts a call to get on top of it. Wanting to leave the house and do more for someone else to study and most of the others think of leaving. Robin and I are healthy and in love. We'd like to find a place where we can be without feeling critical always. Our baby is beautiful and happy and strong. We want him to grow up where his life will be meaningful, where he will not need the help of drugs to be meaning and being in his surroundings. Ted Selzer's words like a good man I would like to meet him. Maybe he has the secret of life and life anyway. I'm sending this letter off into your space and thinking you for the wonderful article about Robin's life. Ted Selzer's words.

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In 1985, Anne Chavignac joined a newspaper in Toronto with the aim of establishing a connection to BC. The newspaper collapsed through lack of financial support.

Education: the intelligent way

The discussion on the education of children in *Four Child Welfare Rights Facts Of The Life In Today's Primary Schools* (September) will — I hope — become widespread. Fortunately a few people are concerned with human problems without the possibility of the right or of the left. It is not to Professor James Daly, and others of his ilk, that the solution of education is to teach human beings who are intelligent and therefore intelligent. Intelligence is not more education.

A. J. MONTGOMERY, VANCOUVER

Marlene's quote Lloyd Dennis is more, especially with approval. "The day of established order, property, virtue and hard work" is gone. But it is conceivable that under a better deal, we, and hard work, under this deal? Perhaps I just have a conservative bias.

A. J. MONTGOMERY, VANCOUVER

At a student about to enter grade 13, anticipating at least eight more years of formal education before embarking on a career in law and possessing measures of increasing those past 12 years. I feel in George Bernard Shaw said — "The education is being interrupted only by school."

ROBERT ARTHUR, VANCOUVER

If it happens, quickly, quickly and education is what we work for our children, we must only consider our present educational system. Those of us who look for something better will continue to try to introduce ideas which the free body and society for the education to help people achieve meaningful lives. Professor Daly's mention that children will not learn of their own free will (schools teach to learn) is not. Saying that bad schools have produced good scholars is also a confusing poverty — after all, Kenneth Dennis and his theories were poor. Daly comes close to educational change "people's life and 'childhood' children." Surely we should expect more education from a professor than "people's life." As for a "free" Professor Daly is a product of our modern educational system. Study time, welcome.

Superintendent education is now offered by the Hall-Dennis Report. A basic writing is provided with the obvious, intuitively grasped the child mind. In education and is finally absorbed on the grounds of what he has in his head. But he even chooses that he has to enter the adult world equipped with a comprehension of some which is useful to no one. The unfortunate costs of education are

continued on page 24



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OUR VIEW YOUR VIEW

For today's sophisticated go-getting, not for improved covers. It is wrapped in a rare piece of translucent aluminum. According to Dennis, adults should not choose what a child should learn because they cannot foresee the future. The child does not see the future? New developments in science and technology are extensions of knowledge gained in previous generations. A child who cannot read will not do elementary mathematics is unable to begin the development of his person but. It is the duty of children to see that such child is an expert on their friends' mental state in his school will prompt, self-discipline is fine but if there are no rules there is no necessary to practice it. It has taken centuries to develop the mature concept of kindness and courtesy displayed by adults today. Are excess of "love" discipline is key to produce a generation of savages. Dennis says: "We have the dream of making the old age of wonder, or a further age of scientific endeavor — and if we do the latter we will go down to defeat." Surely, it is wisdom which makes today's world a place of wonder. If we allow science to devour the wonder of the new generation, we will be how we managed it at all. **MONROE MURDER TORRELL, ONT.**

Animals: add in the Dark Ages?

Re the Miss Donna Under (Letters September). As an American in Canada I can appreciate Miss Seymour's problems. Animals' impact in Canada is equally story about tomorrow. If one then Canadian asks if we Americans have cars, showrooms, happen, I will stop using publicly and start driving cheap! **MARGARET WHITE, ONTARIO**

Newfoundland is!

Re John Eric, Shapiro's *On the Last Summer in the Cellar at Lismore* (August). The author Don Ball says, *Billy Shapiro* "will talk to about 200,000 people sitting in the front row." Now SCOTLAND, and Lismore, British Columbia. Last winter I remember a cell camp in South Coast British Newfoundland it seems that Newfoundland just does not want for some mainlanders! **CLARENCE E. TYLER, BRUNSWICK, NEWF.**

Marriage — not for dreamers

Re Mary Smith's article *The Family: The Canadian Way* (October). Ontario (July). Divorce marriages are built on the wrong side of marriage dreamers in mind of us the solid foundation of friendship and caring. If a couple are good friends, and also good on partners' side, what can possibly go wrong? **C. E. BRADSTREET, WINDSOR**

All about postmen

My congratulations to Walter Stewart for inferring the accuracy of Canada's mail service. Can George John Aiken Run in The Mail? (August). **JOHN TOWNSEND, WINDSOR, ONT.**

Scientists: not supermen

Dr. David Suzuki's error of omission about the possible future of science. *The First New World Science To Go* — Not Science (September) makes good copy, but I believe he is overly pessimistic. With a bit of common sense and only a little luck, some potential enterprises will be the last of nuclear weapons of war can be avoided. However, his book must be well taken. New ways must be devised to encourage the most significant of projects for future research, and the way out of science already exists. I do not agree with Dr. Suzuki that the creation of a new elite group of the best that would include his proposed institute is a good solution. We already have that. The Science Council and a Science Secretariat whose functions include those of the proposed Institute. In my view, we should use scientists well, inform, or send an informed public to the best self-learned against waste of money and technology. We need more scientists without to discuss their work and its implications to the public. Centred young people who will take up science not because of dreams of winning the Nobel prize, but because they feel that science can and should be used for social purposes. An institution that would be neither Dr. Seymour's nor superman, but men, north or south, can understand and communicate. In brief, we need new attitudes toward science. **J. A. TALL, TORONTO**

As David Suzuki's article is a good example of intellectual pollution. His opinion "Does the world need more Nations and Agreements?" is relevant to the subject of pollution as he says. It is a series of plans, fresh, original, clean drinking water. It prompts another question: "Does the world need more Professor David Suzuki?" **PAUL GIBSON, PEABODY, ONT.**

New laughs for Switzerland

If Donald Sutherland is the funniest actor, *The Famous Gits* (October) *Not Even Produced* (September) has a million laughs in it as known fact. And if SUTHERLAND is a funny man, I'll crawl back into the woodwork. The film's magical camp, doctors in dirty dresses, expensive labours, homosexuality, etc., and all said and all it is not up to three hours of whitened laughter, both in the exposure is worth looking at and today in the film is a highlight in my life. Douglas Marshall should come out his own laughter. **BARBARA THOMAS, GAMBETTA**

It's such good publicity to a Canadian who contributes to the community among water the law and not to someone like Mrs. Shirley Douglas. Jack Sutherland, a middle aged Canadian, a piece of a far

right country who involves himself with a range of interests and advanced his friends.

MEDY V. D. SMITH, PRINCE GEORGE, BRIT. C.

Thinking big in film

I read with interest, Peter in his last column showed a new kind of history (July). However, I question the success made by Ben James of Education. "Super-8 film is cheap enough to permit mass involvement. With video one is as a learning tool for doing, that provides 16 mm stock for a few prime dollars." This kind of thinking has hampered the film industry. Success must be able to use a 35 mm or 16 mm camera if they are to produce with film in a professional package, these few "prime dollars" are the Alvin Karpis and Harry Krimm or Alvin Karpis of the future. **DEBRA E. WILSON, KIMBERLEY**

Don the bottle — or return it

As Mrs. Haley wrote to the Premier of Ontario about non-renewable pop bottles? Look Canada, I am done. And I do say (September). Why have the Ontario government recently has such pop bottles when it has been saying the public has questions of non-renewable bottles for 20 years? I refer, of course, to the operations of the Ontario Liquor Control Board. Probably liquor bottles do not have the same public reaction as pop bottles, but they make a valuable contribution to the garbage disposal problem. Naturally liquor bottles are not a problem — the Premier's Retail has shown it can be done. **J. E. LAMONT, DUNDAS, ONT.**

Re: Ray Haley can't be the only one who cares about the one-way pop bottle. I care. How can money who often causes for pollution with their ex-prophetic. Almost all only the one-way pop bottle? **A. WILSON, MARKHAM, ONT.**

It's a great thing coming on a 100 mile mail route and bottles thrown in the side of the road are a constant hazard. However the number of throwaways

is still a major problem. It is the number of reusable pop bottles and how bottles in the tank of our attitude, or another aspect of the lack of compassion of one person for another? **RONALD ANDERSON, BALDWIN, ONT.**

Re: I can't blame Ben Haley for not knowing that BC has banned the non-renewable bottle — and even the non-renewable bottle can be used. I do think that Mr. Haley's note has aroused it as an editorial note. **M. HALL-PRICE, VICTORIA, BC**

The neglected Newfoundland

In the September article *With Three at Risk: Pop Can Give a Canadian Liberty For Day 207/26*, Robert Wherry didn't mention one from Newfoundland. The omission is most noticeable in the poetry section. E. J. Poiré is not only a poet of international fame but also a Newfoundland. I celebrated Newfoundland's 100th birthday a part of Canada in 1949. Can it be that we are merely a "neglected land"? **MEDY V. D. SMITH, PRINCE GEORGE**

Maclean's — alive and well!

Well — after being "method" for months, Maclean's has finally started to sell in life. On September 1st (from front to back) is a beautiful living dead that the day Maclean's might suffer the same doom as the *Canadian* and *Sunday Evening Post*. **MEDY V. D. SMITH, PRINCE GEORGE**

Losing money the safe way

In the September article, *Remember Be Safe Your Money Is OK For Another*. It takes most with Bill No. 1. About what you can use? If you have a new car value of \$15,000 but would cost \$25,000 to replace (and you would replace it with a new car), you should insure it for \$25,000 less the value of the car and the insurance. Doing a year, it would cost you \$25,000 less the value of the car. **CLARENCE E. TYLER, BRUNSWICK, NEWF.**

Prolife policies

Dr. D. A. Gies's homily on the "population explosion" problem in Canada (Views, August), suggests that the government of the environment is not dependent on the number of people living in the vicinity, but on their awareness and lack of awareness of the necessity to control technology to avoid the potential pollution. The pro-pollution propensity of pro-life professions to promote perfunctory propaganda of peripheral propriety is presently preposterous.

J. J. BRIDGEMAN, OTTAWA



A message from 4000 feet down

It is nothing more than a smooth cylinder of rock, brought up from one of Inco's ore bodies in the Thompson area of Manitoba. But to Joe Church, a Geologist in the Field Exploration Department, it tells a story. From it he can estimate the mineral content by taking hundreds of samples from various depths at drill sites, some of them a helicopter ride away. Joe Church can evaluate the potential for future mining. Knowing how much nickel ore is down there is a necessary aid to Inco's long range planning, which in itself is necessary if Inco is to continue to meet the growing world demand for nickel.

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OUR VIEW

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you would be about \$10-\$80. To qualify for compensation with depression in the event of a partial loss, you must receive to 80% of replacement cost for market value, as you indicate. My Rule No. 1 for you is "What is your year 2001 is O.K."

JOHN DODGE, MONTE, MO

Lucky Left here first

If you must bring Eric the Kid into your travel story, *How To Lose Time And Save Money Flying To Europe* (September), please get the facts straight. Eric the Kid discovered Greenland from Newfoundland was the first to see North America. Left Ericson was the first European to set foot on the continent. STEWART JAMISON, ST. CATHARIES, ONT.

The myth of the 'Canadian car'

In all the facinaw about the new model cars from Detroit, I am becoming increasingly disturbed by the ultra-right distortion that is made between "domestic" cars and "imported." For example, it is stated in the September issue—*The 71 Cars Why A Good Year For Them Means A Good Year For Us*—that "imports" took 16% of the Canadian market. The fact is that imports took 20% of the Canadian market. Canada has no cars of its own. It manufactures, to varying degrees, cars imported by and designed for other countries. To define a Renault, or a Volvo as an import and not do the same for a Chevrolet or a Ford is to reveal the extent to which one foreign country, the U.S., has taken over not only our economy and our culture, but our thinking as well.

JOHN A. TAYLOR, TORONTO

• Your article was informative and interesting but left out the most important point for 15% of buyers—the added cost of a standard car. I speak for the average, married wage earner (\$9,000 a year). This is the largest section of the population, and probably the largest proportion of car buyers. These people want a reliable four-door car, V6 engine, automatic, at a reasonable price. Most people are tired of spending their money for a fancy name and power that can't be used except on a city ring. For a product that will deteriorate in two or three years because the manufacturers won't install parts such as bearings with materials other than steel. Manufacturers should reduce prices so the majority of regular car buyers can afford to buy a car without going into debt for three years. J. J. ADRI, BRIDGEVIEW, ONT.

• Is your last analysis of why people buy the Volkswagen "bug" you made have included the comment of a woman who wrote in a U.S. consumer magazine: "The minute it worked into the showrooms and saw it, I knew it needed me."

K. G. FERGUSON, TORONTO

continued on page 28

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Canada's 'gamble' with nuclear power: It's almost won...

Five more being an ill-defined program, standing by an uncertain future. (As outlined by Walter Stewart's September article, *Lorne Gray's Gamble To Make Canada A Nuclear Great Power*.) Canada's nuclear power program is most advanced than those of all western nations, perhaps, the United States. Stewart analyses Canada's nuclear reactors, both at enormous cost, are inefficient. Nonetheless! Since 1963, when Canada started its ZEEP (zeroth first nuclear reactor) the U.S., this nation's reactor designers have built and operated: NRX and NRU, research and isotope production reactors at Chalk River, Whiteshell, natural testing reactor at Pinawa, Manitoba, and the CANDU (Canadian Deuterium Oxide) heavy water prototype power reactors. They also built (TRU) (tritium oxide) NRX for India. Besides the two power reactors being built for India, Canada also sold reactors to Pakistan and Taiwan. Canada has sold "packages" of know-how to Japan, Japan and France to help them design their own heavy-water reactors. Why has Canada stuck to one nuclear fuel? The answer is obvious. The CANDU reactor is the best there is — the best, the only one known to be nuclear weapons, in Canada has done. Only the CANDU reactor can "burn" natural uranium efficiently. Canada's efforts have been directed into this route because: (1) Canada has major deposits of uranium, (2) we could ill-afford the price of a uranium-enrichment system such as that of the U.S., built originally for bomb-making. Sure, other nations have tried different types of power reactors. Ask Britain about the Magnox series, abandoned in 1964, and now experiencing all kinds of serious problems that may force us early closer to some stations. Ask France why it is giving up on its own reactor. Ask U.S. why it will do only heavy-water prototype reactor. Ask U.S. designers why some of their reactors took as long as nine years from construction start to production to first power. Ask Taiwan why it is paying Canada \$28 million for goods and services for

its new research and why it chose NRX as its model when it had all the reactors in the world to choose from. Perhaps it's because NRX, the granddaddy of all heavy-water reactors, in operation since 1947, and is one of the best nuclear reactors in the world. Stewart seems to confuse heavy water production with nuclear power operation. The two are distinctly separate although it is true that the reactor needs heavy water to begin operation. But heavy water is made by U.S., by France, by India, by USSR — in a pinch Canada can borrow or buy some and later replace it.

T. E. BUCK, BOWENVIEW, ONT.

...It's a long shot

THE UNFATHOMING bee-hives in the article are the proven state for natural and enriched uranium. To say that natural uranium costs 12 cents per pound, when the current market price is about \$5.60 per pound of U-238 including enrichment, is simply atrocious. And it is equally atrocious to quote \$6,000 per pound for enriched uranium (the approximate price of 80% enriched uranium, which is the stuff used in bombs and some nuclear submarines), when the figure should be approximately \$128 for the 1% enriched uranium that is the average for power-reactor use. Also, when this uranium is fabricated into fuel elements, and the much higher burnup of the enriched uranium is calculated, the cost of fueling an enriched-uranium reactor is not all that much more than fueling a natural-uranium one. Also, to say that "enriched uranium in any quantity is available only from the U.S." is simply to perpetuate the myth that is still encouraged by the AECL. Actually, in addition to the U.S., the following countries have enrichment facilities: the U.K. (which offers full enrichment services), France, Soviet Union and West Germany and the Netherlands are in the process of organizing the enrichment production by the gas centrifuge method of enriched uranium in both the U.K. and the Netherlands. According to press reports, Mitchell Sharp has said that Canada might like to get in on this. By contrast, the only source of heavy water in any quantity in the future will be Canada, as the only operating U.S. production plant has a very small capacity (180 tons per year) and the French one at even smaller capacity (12 tons per year or thereabouts). This point is of far

greater significance to far as Canada's present heavy-water reactors in the world market is concerned. The additional myth, also originally fostered by the AECL, that the production of heavy water is a "easy" process, by now, have been exposed.

WINNET KERR, TORONTO

...It's a menace to life

THE GAMBLE to make Canada a great nuclear power is not whether or not we'll rank among the world's industrial powers. The gamble is with our lives and the life of our longshore. The nuclear reactor may avoid the "pollution" problems of oil and coal-burning plants, but it will release a poison more deadly than any of these — the silent destroyer — radioactivity. At every stage of the nuclear process radioactive "isotopes" escape into the environment. And most of them are there to stay. Strontium 90 has a half-life of 28 years, plutonium, 24,000 years, and it takes uranium 4.5 billion years to lose half its radioactivity. The principle for the disposal of low-level radioactive waste is dilute and disperse, that it's in the environment — accumulating. For high-level waste it's concentrate and contain. At Hanford, on the Columbia River, they have 140 million-gallon tanks of live poison. Some of them will live longer than their tanks — 24,000 years. Sheldene Nipkow, said (November, February 1970) that they have produced enough plutonium at Hanford to blow up the planet in "one concentrated flash." And we are only at the beginning. But what about the Strontium radioactivity, yet he's right in saying the situation Canada faces is "dark and simple." It is life or death.

The Brave New World as David Suzuki says in the same issue of *Maclean's*, belongs to the lunatics. It is the lunatics who have at last caught up with the effects of radioactivity on man and his society, and who are telling it to all. Perhaps President J. Lorne Gray of Atomic Energy of Canada Limited is "a real ball of science." So is Glenn T. Seaborg of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission. Their pupils may be fanatical — plentiful power, light industries and such, but the payoff will be different. In our case, at all levels, forest and urban, crops and livestock, shortening of lifespan, until the accumulation of radioactivity in the biosphere reaches the point of no return — and the end of life on earth.

LILLIE STEARNS, VANCOUVER, BC

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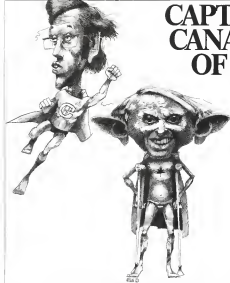
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On the left, Mel Watkins.
In the middle, Joe Greene.
The heavyweight contest to choose

CAPTAIN CANADA OF 1971



CANADA HAS RECENTLY witnessed the blossoming of two new brands of nationalism: both are aimed at loosening the Atlantic grip on our country, but from their respective ends. They are the nationalists of left and centre, of socialism and free enterprise, of radical upheaval and mod-

erate change — in short, the nationalities of Melville Watkins and Joe Greene. Some day soon Canadians will have to choose one of these brands — or some minor variation of either — or, not choosing, slide unceremoniously into a continental embrace. Before we make that choice, we should know

something about these nationalists where they come from, where they lead, and the men behind them.

Melville Watkins is an economist, a professor at the University of Toronto, a national vice-president of the NDP and the spiritual leader of the Waffis, the huddling force on the left wing of

BY WALTER STEWART

[illegible]

For Greene is a lawyer, a Liberal politician, and Federal Minister of Justice and Attorney General. He has been in and out of office twice for the provincial and once for the federal leadership of his party. He is a family kind of a man, over six feet tall, with a broad forehead and hazel eyes, a flowing nose, a jutting chin—topped by a becoming mass of silver hair. He is an orator in the old style, and his eyes and hands and head take on a life of their own as he thrusts forward his angry eagle, and his hands break and wheel through the air before diving behind his head to take the hair from the top of his head, as he leans into his favorite political line—the Ottawa Valley Abol Lincoln. He utters with an audacity, revealing a don't-let-anybody-stop-you quality, that is not his. He, too, is an attractive politician, known for his poles. Liberty after he was named Minister of Agriculture, he returned a Vancouver resident, and he has been in the city so long, well, we see the golden rectangle in

Canada cannot be independent unless socialist, cannot be socialist unless independent



last post] I thought it was a bit ironic. He's thoughtful (who's a Chinese spokesman that he heckle her during an Ottawa meeting. Gerson's speech shouted him into silence. "Can I say to bull-ramp me," she threatened. "The man you had before!" He said, "I'm not a bull-ramp." She spoke with authority of a "continental approach" to energy renewables, then in April, when a reporter asked him about the phrase he said "I don't think there is any such animal. It is a term used by journalists." A high-ranking oil industry spokesman said, "It's a good country for journalists, doing what has gone before and giving us to the next thing." He is popular with the general public, who find him folksy, not quite so popular with his cabinet colleagues, who find him facetious. "I'm damned if I know what the man is saying," he said. "He's a little bit of a clown. He's a clown, but he's a clown. I don't know him."

Giroux and Watkins agree that the US owns and controls too much of the Canadian economy, and that the time has come to assert our national identity, but their approaches to this common problem are drastically different.

Wollstone argues that the US has more freedom to control its much of Canada because we are a younger and weaker capitalist state. Capitalism is by nature aggressive and international. The multinational corporations that are in modern capitalism simply flow across borders to take what they want. As it happens, most of those corporations are American, and much of what they want is in Canada, and so we find ourselves increasingly taken over. But Wollstone argues that this intensifies only part of the real problem which is the failure of capitalism. Despite the freedom of a so-called Welfare State, many Canadians still live in grinding poverty because the free enterprise system does not work, and cannot be

made to ask except for a few people at the top. The answer is to set up a democratic socialist state, whose independence would be assured through national planning of investment and the public ownership of the means of production. Bringing power and property to ordinary people is the first concern, and that can only be done through socialism. If he had to choose between socialists and reformers, Wilens would choose socialism, but he thinks the two are inseparable. Canada cannot be independent unless socialist, cannot be socialist unless independent.

Greene wasn't at all sure, until a few months ago, that it mattered who owned what in Canada. We needed U.S. capital. In fact, our prosperity had been built on it, and that meant selling control over large sectors of our economy. As long as we spread evenly, with U.S. men, no harm was done. "Our only complaint was that we weren't more like the Amer-

... that we didn't make as much money as they did." But then the American dream went sour. In the 1970s, when the U.S. economy was the envy of the rest of the world, the political promises of U.S. officials in Canada began to wane. Suddenly, it's a twenty-five dollar-a-day life for the American ones. Then, and only then, did the issue of foreign investment become a serious one. "If you're going to build a dance hall society, a contest to be won by being on neighbors, instead, we must take the best of what they have to offer and combine it with the Canadian trust of each other," says the author. "It's a new way of life. To do that, we must look control off our economic, by leaving the Americans at their own game. We must develop our own institutional processes. Take our own money and invest it in our own economic and cultural control and make them stick. The tools are plentiful: subtle — the Canada Development Corporation, the Canadian Radio-television Commission, a new language law. There are only a million things to work."

Warkins' objection to the Greens approach is that it is specious and fairly capitalising on our current national mood. Greene's objection to the Warkins approach is that it is unnecessary and unworkable, socialism is a cure worse than the disease.

Why do two intelligent, informed Canadians disagree so drastically? Is it a word, background?

McKellar Williams was born on May 18, 1932, on a farm just outside the small town of McKellar, near Perry Sound, Ontario. He and a twin brother (now a federal civil servant) were the second and third in a family of six boys to a laborer. Williams attended

[illegible]

A brilliant athlete, Watkins attended high school in 16, went on to the University of Toronto, and then obtained an audience life expectancy of 10 years. He was a member of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, met and married a Boston girl (She is still spotted) and joined the Democratic left. He appeared at the 1968 convention in Chicago, and, as a result of his involvement, if anything, a Canadian movement, which seemed quite interesting. It was only after his marriage to Toronto in an extremely private ceremony that Watkins' redoubled his efforts to make, everywhere, the happiness of one. Victims, his Power student union, American's enrichment — and everything else related to a theme that attracted him. He was a man of many talents. A few people who had power at night who looked at Watkins knew where he stood on that issue. He was a man who involved the most important people in the world. He was a man who was an important person in the world. He was a man who was an important person in the world.

socialism in Canada would be
cure worse than the disease

alst state, which must not be allowed to demand Canada

In 1966, working in the Canadian Press, Watkins had some long drives to say about Walter Gaudin's role in *A Choice for Canada*. That revelation, coupled with his own growing fame and reputation, led to his appointment as Gaudin's communications officer into foreign ownership and the protection of Canadian industry. The result was the *Watkins Report*, which contained enough compromises to satisfy the supporting agencies of economic nationalism in their view as Abraham Rotstein and A. E. Silberman did not go nearly far enough to satisfy Watkins. It tinkered with various suggestions to meet American concerns but created what seemed to him to be the obvious political accident. Two years later he was invited to join the Canadian government, and Walter Gaudin, who had fought for the report, left active politics.

The quarrelled economic task he came into the ranks of the NDP where he soon discovered that some one was almost as unorthodox as he as it had been among Liberals. Undaunted, he determined to thrust the NDP forward, and he has been working hard at that task ever since, with the Waffle, a loose grouping of Liberals who took the title as an ironic comment on the rest of the party. (The name first appeared in writing in the letters of union organizer G. Esderson, who signed himself "The Waffle King.") In a sense, Watkinson still trying to do what couldn't be done in Meekling — to wield power down to ordinary people, and to give the Americans a bum steer.

Joe Greene has nothing so dramatic in mind. "The Americans are our friends," he says. He says it often in fact, during the famous speech in Denver, Colorado, in which he attacked his nationalist poem, he boasts Canadian-American friendship times and said, nine times, that whatever Canadian nationalism was, it was not anti-American. Whatever Joe Greene is, he is not anti-American. In fact, it is a little difficult to make or sell what he is.

It is somehow typical of the man that his name is not Joe but John. John (Joe) was a high-school baseball player that shanked, and that, despite his platform role as an Arapahoe mascot, he is a city slicker from Toronto. His father was a mining engineer who owned a shoveler, a job he shanked at the age of 33. John was born on June 24, 1926, in north Toronto, went to University of Toronto Schools and first stumbled across cocaine as a freshman going from winter baseball at Maple Leaf Stadium. "They were always the best looking

sen" Alt. At high school, he worked for a printing firm and a mining company before joining the Air Force on spring orders to win a DPC as an observer with a night-fighter squadron. After the war, he completed his education at the University of Toronto and Osgoode Hall Law School, then moved to Arnprior, the hometown of the girl he married during his college years. As one of only two lawyers in town—the other, his law partner, was a Tory—Grosz naturally gravitated into politics and was a seat on the Arnprior council.

He ran into trouble when he and his partner, acting for a development company, agreed to sell part of a tract of land that link when they appeared before granting the company special concessions. Everybody knew about it anyway," says Greene. Investigations from the Ontario Department of Municipal Affairs were not so charitable; they referred to "a matter of dishonesty and irregularity" and branded the performance of the two lawyer-councillors "improper." However, no action was taken — Greene said later, "I just didn't give it the time or the energy for coming to Ottawa" — and the affair ended not just but here either in 1983 or 1984. The Ontario government was unsuccessful but for the Ontario Liberal leadership in 1988 or his successful bid run for a federal seat in 1985.

The new MP for Redfern rose from an antipodean post on Ottawa with a modest speech blaming the Liberals' weakness to MPs, and the fact that he was a member of the cabinet. He focused his criticisms (known by elevation in the cabinet, Gossage certainly improved his own standing) on Mackintosh's executive office as the improper \$39,035.20 Oshkosh MPs are still showing celebrities.

The speaker said that Gossage was one of the only ones who had been there was no credit for him on the front benches. He became bored, as ran again for the provincial leadership, in 1964. His chair? "It was — I signed a vigorous campaign in which I urged the province's Attorney General to resign." He said he was tired — "but it was well enough to make his appointment to the federal cabinet in 1975 a logical step. He gave the agricultural portfolio partly because there was no western Liberal MP, partly because he had cultivated friends among the backbenchers."

Gossage spent at least half his time even to the point of dropping his own considerable learning. When Douglas Fisher of the NDP unseated an old tick on him, Gossage declared, "Some of Mr. Fisher's classical allusions evaded me. If they were Biblical the Bible would have been easier to find."

Ottawa's courts is a branch of law of lawyers.

Socialism in Canada would be a cure worse than the disease



If he was not a brilliant success in agricultural ventures, he wanted like any "old world" would want when "humped" Dalton Camp, "Joe Greene would have seen it in the moon." He was the best orator the Liberals had, and it was his eloquence that Sir John's wife got a touch of John F. Kennedy — that was his impressive 150 votes on the first ballot in the 1964 federal leadership race and a spot in Prime Minister Trudeau's top cabinet. For the 1968 election, Greene left Airports, where redistribution had made him a name in a dubious background, and fled to the safety of Niagara Falls, which had been Liberal since the suit was formed. It was prudent rather than a popular move. "As soon as the going got tough," an Airports aide explained, "he got out." It turned out to be unnecessary, too — a Liberal won the seat, after all — but Greene has no regrets. "I don't want to stay in one place all my life," he said. "I regard every move as a challenge."

He had barely settled into his new portfolio, Energy, Mines and Resources, when he suffered two severe heart attacks — in November, 1966, and January, 1969 — and he spent several months recuperating. (Oto Lang mended the wires as acting minister.) Back at work in mid-1969, Greene made headlines toward the end of the year by appointing a resource policy of environmental resource-use after a Washington conference with U.S. Secretary of the Interior Walter Hodel. Canadian reaction was largely unfavorable, especially this year, the word was heard. Ottawa that Greene was headed for the address in the next cabinet shuffle.

Then came the speech to the Independent Petroleum Association of America in Denver, on May 13, in his clear statement of Canadian nationalism — "Canadians are determined that they will build something which is theirs, their own, and not the pale and small image of the great and powerful civilization to our south — and a full reaction of the American people — I will say to you that, yes, a part of the cause for the loss of that great civilization, nationalism and determination to build something unique must in the analysis that exists in your land — what appears to many as the sudden and tragic disappearance of the American dream which at some stage, has turned to nightmare."

It has been suggested that Greene's Denver speech was basically a play designed to protect his extreme position, but he hardly regretted the notion. "I had been through two heart attacks," he said. "My heart had stopped twice."

You don't come out of this and say, 'I'm going to secure my position in the cabinet.' What I have made whatever small contribution I am able to, I will be glad to pass this issue to someone else."

The speech was a symphony, he said, in an speaking of Canadian nationalism, a heart cry that somehow stirred his acute political awareness in late 1969, but came through loud and clear a few months later. "I had not been assigned with American control because Canadians wanted to put

jobs and economic opportunities first. Now they were saying, 'No, there is something more to life than chasing a buck.' They wanted to build something new, and they were willing to pay the price. A politician is a pragmatist if we have more talent in the ability to nurse these things and act on them. That is what I did."

In short, his nationalism is of the fellow-from-victory, designed to reflect rather than create a Canadian mood. Since Denver, the energy minister has grabbed back to mainstream

with all deliberate speed, and in one recent speech on oil development, he sounded an almost continental note. His nationalism is not American — for Greene has always looked up to Americans — not anti-capitalist — for capitalism has served him well — and is different from the nationalism of Sir John's father-in-law, as it can be. Of these two attitudes — one deep-rooted, rationalized in economic theory and dogmatized in political philosophy; the other late-blooming, pragmatic and flexible — the Greene

variety seems more likely to win wide acceptance. After all, William asks us to meet the economic challenge by opening our society down, making out capitalism and building again; in fact, he says there is no point in doing anything less. He admits that the much of the 1960s' problems, as outlined by Gordon in his 1963 budget — proved too strong for most Canadians, but there is a new generation will meet accept his strategic programs same day. "Radical solutions always look

impossible," he says, "but nothing else seems so weak." If we follow Greene — or lead him — we will have a new world. It is all being looked after. The CDC will find better capital, the CRIC will safeguard native culture, and the occasional touchy speech to Americans will be handled by William. After all, we have to do it to keep the candle and let us know. His solution to our national dilemma is less than drastic. Whether it is a real solution, only time will tell. □

The improbable dream that made Sir John A.



BY PIERRE BERTON

Plus ça change. The more Canada changes the more the federal state remains the same. The dream in Canada by American-based multinational corporations has been a constant force since the creation of this country. The dreamer pursued in this century is a bit different. The dreamer is Sir John A. Macdonald's dream in 1871 to build the Canadian Pacific Railway, which Sir John A. Macdonald was the first Captain Canada.

The dreamer has considerable hope in his idea, Macdonald had estimated that a country of 2.5 million people would be an expenditure of \$100 million at a time when a farmer's wage was a dollar a day. Perhaps not, but Macdonald meant to provide the country that it could not do without a railway if it wanted to be a nation in the true sense of the word. Britain, the government, would build the railway would not build any one in the world. It could be paid for with land from the Northwest.

Why the land of 10 years? As Macdonald's opponent, Liberal leader Alexander Macdonald, most of the railway would run through an unpopulated area. "It wouldn't be necessary to construct the greater portion of

the line for another 30 years." That was the perfect touch, but Macdonald's answer was that there would be no nation in 30 years without a railway. The construction of his transcontinental policy was the settlement of the Northwest and he and his ministers pressed the view that building a railway the land would remain empty until the Americans moved in to fill the vacuum.

It was the apparent reason for an all-Canadian line that brought the hardest criticism. Few Canadians really believed that any railway builder would be richly enough to build the heart of the continent. Sir John A. Macdonald's dream was to build the heart of the continent. Sir John A. Macdonald's dream was to build the heart of the continent. Sir John A. Macdonald's dream was to build the heart of the continent.

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And now, fans, Canada's best-informed hockey pundit, a \$500,000 computer named Foster, tells the prophetic story of...

THE 1970-71 STANLEY CUP - WHO WILL WIN ... AND HOW



THE STORY YOU ARE ABOUT TO READ, hockey fans, is an exercise in humanistic optimism. It is based on the writings of a computer — but its intent is as laudably and people-oriented as any thing. Albert Schweitzer once cooked up a will do no less than bend the thrust of human fate, emotional delirium, heart murmur, respect-alcoholism and all the other diverse symptoms usually associated with following the spectacular ups and downs of a National Hockey League season, in this case the upcoming 1970-71 season.

Last year, you'll recall, the NHL produced the last gapping void in ecological thought. It was a season in which Chicago opened with a string of four games, winning only one in eight, with Bobby Hull holding out back on his bull farm, yet still came out on top in the East Division. It was a season when Boston, the eventual Stanley Cup champions, played all the way into the last week in April without missing a win on the

home ice of any of the other five eastern clubs. It was a season, finally that went into its last weekend with four clubs (Chicago, Boston, Detroit and Montreal) evening a chance to finish first in the east, with two of those four (Montreal and Detroit) facing the possibility of dropping

FINAL STANDINGS — 1969-70

TEAM	W	L	T	P
CHICAGO	26	31	3	0
BOSTON	25	40	13	2
DETROIT	15	41	31	13
NEW YORK	16	33	14	1
MONTREAL	16	33	14	1
MINNESOTA	16	33	14	1
ST. LOUIS	16	33	14	1
PITTSBURGH	16	33	14	1
WASHTON	16	33	14	1
PHILADELPHIA	16	33	14	1
LOS ANGELES	16	33	14	1



Foster, a Honeywell Series 200 Model 1150 — and the country's most sophisticated hockey pundit.

right out of the play-offs and with the fifth-place team (New York) in a position to soar all the way to third. What ultimately happened, as you know, was that Chicago clubbed Montreal, the reigning Stanley Cup champs, in two games (the second by 10-2, as the desperate Canadiens began pulling their goalie in the second period) and finished first over Boston by virtue of their edge in the Gilmie-Wren columns, while New York, needing five goals to give them fourth place over Montreal, knooked in one against Detroit. And thousands of fans across the continent cried under the strain of it all.

But, hockey fans, you face no danger of a repeat of this dreadful phenomenon. This time around, you will know in advance, actually know by the moment you finish reading this article, the exact order of finish of the seven teams in both the East and West Divisions. Even more, you will know the winners in each of the play-off series that follow the regular season, which will lead you to the most crucial knowledge of all, the name of the Stanley Cup champion.

No, no, the fan is not in Gambler's not involved. Instead, the source of information and the agent of psychic advance is that robot of all contemporary dilemmas — the computer. The particular computer in question here is a Honeywell Series 200 Model 1150 — called Foster by its friends, for a reason none of them are certain of — and it is the property of Honey-

well Controls Limited of Scarborough, Ontario. Honeywell lists itself as "The Other Computer Company," since IBM plays Hertz in its Ave, but Honeywell is a company that's just adventurous enough to turn good old Foster loose on the human mind-boggling job of working out in advance the results of the new NHL season.

A trio of Honeywell planners and programmers spent several weeks this summer feeding into Foster a staggering load of statistics from the 1966-70 season. Foster, in turn, memorized, digested, analyzed and computed the data, and on a bright afternoon early in September, it presented on its spinning tape a scientific view of how the 1970-71 NHL year will look as seen from the vantage point of some time around the middle of next May.

All right, cynical hockey fans, instead of you are raising questions and, no doubt, speculating especially in the area of three general categories, the

actly what he is, a sports nut who happens to live statistics as much as he does hockey. And even when compiling sheets of historic hockey data at a hobby task in the mid-1950s, even before he was covering the Toronto Maple Leafs as a Canadian Press reporter, his statistical activities came to the attention of NHL President Clarence Campbell who recognized that the league's official statistics narrow in range and dry in imaginative inclusion, were Mickey Mouse compared to the Anderson product. Foster in 1963, Campbell took on Anderson as the overall master of NHL data.

Anderson, working out of Montreal, drew assistance from three athletes in each major city who acted their



The team that coaches Foster, Honeywell computer man Don Croft, Ron Brown and John Bell.

NHL, Anderson, Ron Anderson, a hockey fan with a baseball fan's fascination with numbers.

source and necessity of the statistics plugged into Foster: the handling of the statistics by Foster and his human Honeywell keepers, and the final results of Foster's computing. So, enough of speculating. Here are all the answers.

SOURCE OF STATISTICS

In two main areas, league headquarters. In two more specific words, Ron Anderson. Ron Anderson is the NHL's man in charge of publicity and statistics. He is a short, dark, serious fellow who looks and stands like co-

stant home games and supply Anderson with his raw material. There are the official scorers, who record goals and assists (a job many fans incorrectly assume the referee handles) and who (like with Anderson) four sheets of statistics in an awesome range of categories after every game, the penalty newspaper, who records every fact of time and event relating to penalties, and the game statisticians, who, usually functioning with a help-staff, keeps a play-by-play account of the action, noting the number of shots on goal by each player, the players on the ice for all goals scored, and on and on into undreamed realms of numbers.

For those jobs, Anderson's "conscientious observers," not fans. Once

Can a computer calculate the impact on Montreal's play of Claude Ruel's pride, stung at coaching a Canadian team out of the play-offs for the first time since 1948?



taken as, the officials rarely transfer their position, he says "unless they're on their shoulders. I mean, at Maple Leaf Gardens, the official's job over 30 years has been held by only two men. Bill Graham and his brother before him. They've got two essential qualities — integrity and good eyes."

But as the end of it is the special interest of *Analysis* (itself that has done much to broaden the scope of hockey statistics, turning them of hockey from into something and describing new areas of consideration, the very of themselves, here is a list of eleven categories, not all but away, that Andrews offers for each player in the NHL. In this instance, we need only Ruel's 1968-70 totals in each category, shown in brackets, with an L in each case where Ruel led the league.

Goals (33), Assists (37), Points (70), Shots On Goal (413), Scoring Percentage (18.5), Game-Winning Goals (7), Game-Tying Goals (1), First Goal Of Game (5), Scoring Goal (16-lead for lead with Walt Tkaczuk of New York), Leading Goal (4), Insurance Goal (10), Penultimate Goal, that is, a goal that brings a losing team from two goals down to one goal down (1), Total Of Important Goals, being all of those goals in the previous five categories (30), Percentage Of Important Goals To Goals Scored (59.9), Total Important Points (17), Percentage Of Important Points To Points Scored (59.9), Total Goals By Own Team While On Ice (192), Power Play Goals By Own Team While On Ice (79), Goals By Own Team While On Ice, Both Teams At Even Strength (113), Total Goals Against Own

Team (108), Power Play Goals Against Own Team While On Ice (41), Goals Against Own Team While On Ice, Both Teams At Even Strength (93), Plus-Minus Figure, arrived at by subtracting goals scored against from goals scored for, while on ice with teams even (plus 54).

"The only trouble with all our statistics," Andrews says "is that most fans and writers don't know how to interpret them properly. Take, for instance, that figure of 68, 100 goals scored against Boston while Ruel was on the ice. A lot of people looked at that and said, well, Ruel's best defensive player. But that's crazy. What you also have to consider is that Orr plays 35 or 40 minutes a game, far more than most players, and that he's always on the ice when the Bruins are short-handed. So, other teams are bound to score a lot of goals in all the time he's around."

Anybody also adept at handling hockey statistics?

"The computer. A computer knows what numbers mean."

HANDLING OF STATISTICS

The three Haseywell men who attended to the care and feeding of Foster during the weeks Haseywell worked on the hockey project for Macdonald were Ken Brown, officially a product marketing manager and the general maintenance for the project, Don Croft, assistant support manager at Haseywell, they don't and around with tasks, a forecasting expert and a highly knowledgeable hockey buff, and John Babb, the programmer responsible for punching up each lead with back data for Foster's opinion.

"We followed the same procedure as we'd follow for any client's program," Brown explains. "That is, we started off by looking into the computer the client's total history. In this case, that meant all the available data on all the active NHL hockey players. But we didn't do it blindly. We selected weight to the different factors, so that some pieces of data, goals scored, say, were given more significance than others, minutes as goalie, for instance. We helped the computer along by making judgments from our own intuitive understanding

of hockey. After all, the computer's never seen a game."

Then, according to Brown, is the key word in computerized. "There what you look for when the computer first begins looking at some results."

"We don't accept the computer's forecast right off," Brown goes on. "We look at the trends it's showing, and we compare them with what we know is actually going on in the real world. Then we adjust our programming accordingly and feed everything back into the computer again. It's a continuous process. For example, if the computer started to show a trend favorable to the Buffalo Sabres, we'd know we'd have to make adjustments, right?"

even a make-up for a five-year trial, across the full panorama of a head-on 76 game season down to the last goal scored and shot on the ice. And Foster's work was, of course, assembled along by the breathtaking amount of data available from Ken Brown, including all the categories listed in the Bachelors' Dry Icepale above, plus other random sources.

But just, dooming hockey fans, it is still apparent that Foster's prophecies can take into account human factors not really measurable in statistical terms. How do you calculate, for example, the possible impact on Montreal's play next year of Claude Ruel's pride, stung at coaching a Canadian team out of the play-offs for the first

time since 1948? Or Orr or Phil Esposito punched up? Those two were the Boston offense. According to the Andrews calculations, however, Orr and Esposito between them took 26.6% of Boston's shots on goal (413 for Orr and 425 for Esposito) and scored 23.3% of the goals (108: 33, Esposito: 43).

Well, what would happen? Is such an eventuality as important to key personnel as Foster? Foster can't say, but Haseywell's Don Croft thinks he has the answers to all the objections.

Okay, if a player like Orr is going to miss a lot of the season, Croft says, "then we can't allow for it. But then neither can anyone else. The computer's prophecies are seen as a full objective means for decision. When we can take inputs into account is in the matter of recovery from them. We know from the NHL statistics that Montreal's injured players, because they're older, take longer to recover, while the younger players come back quicker. We can weight for that factor. As for the effect of a few players such as Orr or Perreault or Talbot in the effect of trading, we figure that they could make a difference in the play of the teams, but the rationale is this — they wouldn't make such an important difference that they would change the standings of the teams in the order the computer has already determined from its available data."

One more objection, what about defenseman play? Why doesn't the computer consider it?

"The computer has considered it," Croft says. "Defensemen figures are built into the different figures. Look, we're tabulating the complete offensive totals of each team against every other team. So, if one team has poor posthockey, then it'll show down in relation to the other teams. And the same thing happens in reverse, if a club gets poor posthockey, it rises in the standings and the other teams drop."

Kind of objections.

RESULTS

"There's an old adage around computer consulting," Croft says. "It's that every forecast is wrong. That has to be true, otherwise I'd be out of the racket with a computer making money on mere things. What we're concerned with is level of accuracy. We say that well. Our computer will be more accurate by a measurable percentage than any other method."

And trades—will any team equal Chicago's feat in stealing Bill White away from the Los Angeles Kings for a mess of nothing?



The most significant judgment that the Haseywell experts arrived at was the decision that of all the possible factors for Foster to consider — coaching injuries, posthockey, motivation, defensive play, personality — the one weighed most heavily was offensive play. Good old scoring. Specifically, they selected the 16 most regular players, including posthockey, from the current roster of all 14 teams, including Buffalo and Vancouver, and asked Foster to interpret their performances in the league for 1970-71 as the basis of their play during 1968-70. In many cases, unfortunately, the regulars had 1 team as regular, then hadn't worked a full NHL schedule last year because of injuries or the need for minor-league seasoning or late arrival from the penes or just plain ineptness. But the awards of Foster to Boston (1 Derek Sanderson left off a barstool at Bachelors Three and broke his leg? Worst, where would

line since 1948? What of the effect on New York of Terry Sawchuk's triple death or on Pittsburgh of Michel Briere equally triple one year? On the lighter side, will Boston give Ted Green? Will those scattered noobs, Dely Talbot of Vancouver and Gilbert Perreault at Buffalo, previously released by misadventure now to the Hockey Hall of Fame before they even stepped into an NHL rink, spark their experience issues to tomorrow's glory? And trades — will any club arrange anything as shaggy as Chicago did last year when they whisked away Los Angeles star defenseman Bill White, for a mess of nothing in mid-season, just when the Hawks had lost their first defenseman, Pat Stapleton, to injury?

Major! Major! What would happen to Boston if Derek Sanderson left off a barstool at Bachelors Three and broke his leg? Worst, where would

What would happen to Boston if Derek Sanderson fell off a barstool at Bachelors Three and broke his leg?



So warned, hockey fans, and without further ado...

...here are Foster's projections for the 1970-71 standings

EAST

BOSTON	758
MONTREAL	578
NEW YORK	643
DETROIT	619
TORONTO	565
BUFFALO	308
VANCOUVER	247

WEST

CHICAGO	636
MINNESOTA	589
ST. LOUIS	560
WISCONSIN	517
PITTSBURGH	488
CALIFORNIA	487
LOS ANGELES	478

Some brief words of explanation are called for. First, the points totals don't relate to anything familiar, such as points gained for winning or tying games. They are Foster's projections, and they are clearly valuable as a means of measuring teams against one another. Foster is saying, for instance, that Minnesota will finish ahead of St. Louis but that, with only 75 points separating them, the contest will be tight.

"I like the way it worked out," Croft says. "There might be a couple of places where I'd be tempted to fiddle in a couple more places. Like, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh are really close for the last play-off slot in the west. But I don't really think that anything else would change their order. The glad Buffalo came out the other of Vancouver. If it had been on my second, there we'd have to do something about the coaching factor because Punch Imlach at Buffalo is obviously too smart as a coach for us to ignore the advantage he gives a team."

On the play-offs. The NHL has worked out a complicated but far scheme to decide the Stanley Cup winner for 1970-71, a scheme that, for the first time, involves a cross-

over between the two divisions in the semifinals. The quarterfinals take place, as in the old days, strictly within each division; the first-place teams play against the third-place teams, and the second-place winners against the fourth-place winners. In the semifinals, the procedure is for the surviving teams that finished highest in the east to go against the surviving teams that finished lowest in the west, while, conversely, highest survivor in the west meets lowest in the east. And thus the season will tell from the same fight it out for the Stanley Cup.

This, in Foster's final standings, Boston meets New York in the quarter, and the winner, so Foster projects from the season's data led to it, will be Boston. Montreal vs. Detroit. Vancouver, Montreal, Chicago vs. St. Louis. Winner Chicago, Minnesota vs. Philadelphia. Winner Minnesota.

You will note, from that at this stage, in the semifinals, the surviving teams are the oldest, the finished best and sound in both divisions. Now we come over Boston against Minnesota.

The first series comes very and, predictably, Foster picks the Bruins. But the Montreal Canadiens' management wants a challenge. Next season, 1971-72, will be the first for the Black Hawks in the West Division, but in spite, ability and tradition they'll still be an oldsters team, tougher and more established than the expansion clubs. And for all of these reasons, they should present Foster opposition to the Canadiens that a conventional western team would.

Now, Montreal vs. Chicago — and Foster calls the Hawks to win. "This is where the right-misery factor comes in," Croft explains. "You'll note that the Canadiens got more computer points over the season than the Hawks, but the computer knows that Montreal, with no older guys, is not going to finish the season as fresh and healthy as Chicago. That's how the Black Hawks get the winning edge."

The Stanley Cup, according to Foster, will be a replay of last year's semifinal series, in which Boston defeated the Hawks in four straight games. But in 1970-71 it will be, as the saying goes, a head-on ball game and the outcome could present more possibilities.

Will Terry Enright, Chicago's rugged-looking rookie goaltender, rise up and take his brother Phil and the other Bruins who he failed to do last year? Will Bobby Hull shake off the Bruins' Ed Westfall who checked him in a no-scoring standstill in the 1970 series? Or will someone anonymous emerge from the Bruins' lower ranks,

Carleton maybe or Crofters, and lead the way home? Or will Bobby Orr do it all himself and score an overtime goal in the last game to win the Cup? (Hold on here — doesn't that last possibility have a familiar ring? Ah, yes. Or, come up with possibly such is first against the Bruins next year.)

But Foster doesn't deal in these kind of human projections. Foster says only about total figures, in the match-up of the season's statistics between the two teams. It doesn't say how one team will win or which player will perform what miracle. It confines itself to the business of making, as the books of numbers, the superior data.

And for 1970-71 it states as the Stanley Cup champion — "I wouldn't be any other way," says Don Croft in an oral interpretation. "If you look at the projected season's play, at the comparison of the two teams, I'd have to call it a slaughter." — Don Boston Bruins.

The muffed ones you hear in the background, hockey fans, are coming from Billy Rios, Claude Ruel and all the rest of next year's unremembered coaches. The shakles belong to Tom Johnson, winner of the Cup in his very first year as an NHL coach. Nice remembering. Tom And easy, you often follow. But the way Foster projects the seasons, to insinuate play, Boston, Montreal, New York and Detroit in the East Division play-offs in that order of standings, and Chicago, Minnesota, St. Louis and Philadelphia in the West Division. Boston, Montreal, Chicago and New York will survive the quarterfinals. Boston and Chicago will still be in action after the series and in the finals, for the Stanley Cup, Boston will triumph.

Now you know, hockey fans. Don't you feel better already? □



Great Brains Think Alike

What Foster, our computer, knows by electronic wizardry, Harry Sinden, who retired last season after coaching the Boston Bruins to the 1969-70 Stanley Cup, can predict by instinct. "It's Boston again," says Harry, "and I'd tell you why."

Superstitions — I have three and I believe in them. I think that when it comes down to the nitty-gritty, to the decisive edge that one solid hockey club shows over another solid hockey club in the National Hockey League race and in the Stanley Cup playoffs, it's the Bruins, the very small handful of really gifted players, who make the crucial difference. And that thought has behind my conviction that my old team, the Boston Bruins, will win the East Division championship and the Stanley Cup in the 1970-71 NHL season. Why not? After all, the Bruins own one authentic superstar, Phil Esposito, and one other player who always in some heated category beyond even superstar Bobby Orr.

Occasionally the issues with the superstars don't go off the way and when that happens it's usually a club with an injured goaltender that wins. When Montreal and Chicago were winning Stanley Cups in the 1960s, they did it with the leadership of superstars—line forwards, in the case of the Canadiens, and Bobby Hull for the Black Hawks. But when these clubs weren't winning, Toronto won, and the Leafs lacked any player I'd label a superstar. The man who led them was a gentle, old John Bosser. He played fantastic goal, the same sort of no-scoring, Tony Esposito game Chicago last season. Tony had 15 shutouts and almost carried the Hawks into the cup finals—until that is, he ran up against Boston's superstars.

There's another factor that'll affect next year's race, and it lies in other NHL success, that is the location of the team. Most fans don't give it much thought but Los Angeles, Oakland and New York operate under

strict deadlines, all for geographical reasons, and Montreal and Toronto have built-in advantages.

The East-Canadian situation is obvious: those teams are seen regularly on national TV in Canada, and all the young kids grow up with the daring subliminal to play hockey in Toronto or Montreal. And the fact that a player goes when he finally makes it is out of these two clubs goes the teams a hefty hometown edge.

As for the two West Coast clubs, Los Angeles and Oakland, the climate almost completely rules them out as championship contenders. Players can't lounge around a swimming pool in the sunshine all afternoon and then perform in the cold on the ice at night. Los Angeles had a horrible hockey team last year, but I'd bet that if the Kings had played in Montreal all season they would have made the playoffs. At the same token, if last year's team of Canadiens had played at the season in Los Angeles, they'd have dropped to the bottom of the league.

New York, too, operates in a kind of cap snip because the Rangers play the big city. The players are spread all across New York and its suburbs, and they can't work up much group spirit, at least not the kind of community feeling that teams in more intimate cities such as Boston enjoy.

The Montreal advantage is, in one reason why, in the new revised West Division, I don't expect Chicago to walk home to first place without a stiff challenge from the St. Louis Blues. The word has been around lately in some heated category beyond even superstar Bobby Orr, that St. Louis, when the season begins and the fans are enthusiastic, is a happy place to play. You can't evaluate that factor in pure statistics, but, in other NHL terms, the strong devotion of the Blues to their city makes their entry tough at home as I like Chicago to come out on top in the West Division, with St. Louis a tight second.

Montreal's edge, then, lies in third place in the west. The North Stars have hired Jack Gardiner as coach, a fellow with all the credentials, and he should finally stabilize the Minnesota team. A coach is essential in a club's success but not quite as important, I should say from experience, as a superstar. The rest of the teams in the west fall into a heap, about equal in talent, but I look to Philadelphia to take fourth place and a spot in the playoffs.

Boston's strategic opposition in the East Division should come from New York. The Rangers had the strongest spend on paper last season but they

lacked one ingredient, a superstar. Paul Harris is the best bet to fill that role. Still he has the disadvantage of playing in a defection: a superstar is almost always an offensive player, a consideration that applies even in the case of Bobby Orr, who may be listed as a defenceman in the programs but who is nevertheless an incredible offensive force.

Among the other five eastern teams, you can count out Vancouver and Buffalo. For both teams, it's a case of new players, coaches and managers trying to adjust, and there's no way they can accomplish anything in one year. Toronto isn't ready to move up yet. The last defense in very years and the club needs another year to get that Lewis Merrifield and Detroit, and I think they'll end up with the Canadiens in third place, the Red Wings fourth. As long as Detroit can get Gordie Howe on the ice — and add their delay to win often as their home ice — they're bound to beat out a few other teams. Montreal, if their goaltender holds up, will be stronger than last year. The Canadiens are geared to playing a consistent style, a style based on their swift, sliding ability, and so long as they stick to it they're tough to beat. And, another thing, they'll have Steve Savin and back from injuries, and let's me candidate to take over from Beliveau.

As I won't predict the results of the individual play-off series, but I will say that the Bruins will obviously win everybody for the Stanley Cup. The main contenders are Esposito and Bobby Orr on the club makes, and the other Bruins play up to the very top of their abilities. After all, who wants to look bad in Bobby Orr's eyes? No one — and when you have 15 or 16 guys blazing that way, they don't slip until they've won everything is sight. □



Former Boston coach Harry Sinden

The Pit And The Star

Anne Murray grew up in Spraghill, the town where the mine did the thing. Spraghill, a town that was at its peak at the time of the accident. At 25, she is a natural star.

BY JEN RUDY

UNDER THE MEMORIAL IS A black park beside the brick Murray Hall in Spraghill. Nova Scotia, never even accused for the pit, as because she was a blonde in a red vinyl poncho or because she was Anne Murray, the singer and CBC star, but because she was the Murray girl Anne, daughter of the sorcerer who had needed their town hidden after the explosion of 1956 and the bump of 1958, and because it was too early in the day to start drinking at the Legion. One of these coal miners was Joe McDonald, whose working life had ended 12 years before when he was finally incapacitated at the age of 38.

"Anne, Anne, awful glad to see ya, Anne," he now said. "You're due in the greatest in my book."

Making the Murray girl get McDonald to thinking about the bad times again, 56 while he was just a kid, 28 when they brought him to All Saints' Hospital with his right leg swollen in three places. In Spraghill the miners' reminiscences were fragmented, polished, worn in the telling as well and smooth as pebbles on the Pundy drive.

"Dr Murray is a quiet fella," McDonald said. "He was sitting there like this." McDonald stated his elbow on his knee, crossed his forearms and let his head fall forward in an attitude of submission or resignation. "Dad, can you catch me up? He looked at my leg like the boys looking out. I'll put a pin in it," was all he said.

McDonald was hospitalized for two years. But the lacerations exchanged with the doctor had changed him, even more, he thought, than being pulled up the main shaft of No. 2 colliery into the sudden light. McDonald had spent six days 13,000 feet in the ground, his leg reminding him all the while of "a bag of broken glass." He had stayed, under his leg, as a reward, and finally he had drunk his own urine then, and with coal dust and back from spruce and hawthorn leaves. Later he remembered leaving about and seeing white faces at the pithead. But then was a hazy impression and almost certainly he had not seen among them Anne, the doctor's 13-year-old daughter.

There could usually have been a more disruptive environment for a Canadian child than Spraghill in the Fifties. An explosion in 1951 had killed 125 coal miners, leaving 50 widows and 169 fatherless children. Small explosions, rockfalls and bumps, the latter being especially caused by individualized pressure in deep mines had killed as many again during the next half century. In 1956 a tremendous blast killed No. 4 colliery, which filled with coal gas and afterwards. Thirty-nine died. In 1957 fire destroyed much of Main Street with its stores and secondary industries. In 1958 the big bump killed 75 men and according to the tradition on peace and welfare who moved from the Murray Hall to the Legion and back, the town itself. You would find Spraghill, they said, at the 13,000 foot level of No. 2 colliery, in the softest coal dust.

It may not be considered that Anne Murray's time in record, the contemporary country ballad *Snowbird*, has an escaped theme — an little untroubled take on with you where you go. To that land of gentle breezes where the peaceful waters flow — or that it was written in a PEI farmhouse by singer-songwriter Glen MacMillan during his recovery from a near-fatal car crash. Rock or vigorous escape is a pre-occupation of those touched by disaster — a large group that includes all Maritimers. Good down the road to Toronto or Boston and drinking Cluett's Schenker beer all day at the Legion are emotional responses to economic disaster, to the geography had lost that rendered obsolete the building of wooden ships and the mining of coal within a single century.

All of which in by way of saying that *Snowbird* is a Maritime song, a genre that is hard to define but easy to recognize, and one with which Anne deeply



From the top of the steps at Spraghill's operative coal mine, Anne looks back at her hometown. "I still don't like it as good things there." Above, photographs of Main Street.

identified. The husky honesty of her distinctive voice and the assurance of her interpretation of the writer's mood and metaphor seemed to give a deeper meaning to McDonald's simple lyrics. Early last summer the single emerged on the all-important U.S. pop charts, reaching the No. 14 position (and still climbing) two months later. So far as these things can be understood by mortals, the record's U.S. success resulted in Anne's signing, at the age of 26, to almost unheard-of contract with the penny-rose CBC — which now, in early mid-August, was filming on a tour of scenes in and around Spraghill for her first television special.

Under the terms of the contract Anne would receive between \$20,000 and \$25,000 a year from the CBC for two years, with an unprecedented third-year option. Her television work in Canada would be restricted to the public network except for one previously arranged appearance on a CTV series called *Nashville North* (she would, however, appear on U.S. television: Mott Lewis, a powerful New York agent, was reluctantly supervising this part of her career). A CTV offer of 13 more *Nashville North* appearances, prompted by the rise of *Snowbird* to number one on the pop charts, had inspired the CBC to draw up the contract. Anne, who had languished in the chorus of the CBC's own *Jangleberg* *Admiral* as far back as the summer of 1966, now heard

the popping of champagne corks in Thom House, the CBC's distributor of entertainment programming, promised to "pull out all stops we have to promote her—she's a lovely."

Anne herself had not wanted the suit to do any shooting at her homecoming, but the show, Anne Murray's 1st Festival (scheduled for broadcast on October 23), was to feature some songs, principally by Gene MacLellan, in the context of her own background. Anne was mostly one of the town's regular denizens, it seemed this day. When she had first visited Halifax, at the age of 10, she had started polemicizing by greeting them all with "Hi," which was not unusual in Springfield. Back home later that first summer with *Sherlock Holmes*, she had forgotten the custom and was accused of thinking she was nobody.

"I worry about interests," Anne said. "Because for the doctor's daughter people think I had the breaks." A family friend of the Murphys, Mrs. Hazel Longmire, concurred: "There are a few people who worry about her singing, old-timers most of them. They like to see anybody else get a break." So Anne was carefully casual and unassuming, many names ("You're really going to love, love," — this to the local barber running a razor with his electric shaver). She made one mistake. Shooting at a private place of retired women called the *Lane's Bunch*, the suit was held up when children got in the way of the camera. When Anne personally asked them to move, a loud exchange ensued between a black woman and one of several young men who had gone to school with Anne.

"Think she was a good dance move, huh?"

"She is a star."

"Think she was good-looking. Elton Presley. I can sing better than her."

"How, huh?"

Until recently a medium-sized town, Springfield occupied a knoll over the water. No 2 colony. Further out of town there is a medium-sized settlement. Between the two sites, across a sixteen-mile range of sparkling

slag, is Springfield's only working coal mine, shallow and marginal but currently an employer of more than 100 men in these shales. At the top of the slag—the old wash-of-bull anomaly being inadequate only because its flowing out of the hole was steep-sided—at several grained seams waiting to be mined. They were delighted to see a pretty girl on the jettison and pleased to know all about the Murray family.

Anne's granddaddy was a doctor, then a man of three solemnity. "Used to show to-burns you know, but he was very elegant about it. When he was making a house call and couldn't find it, he would look around and then, quick as a bunny, lift up a corner of a rag and—phew!"

It is often difficult to trap men into telling the truth, but Anne's paternal grandfather had indeed been a doctor, and had practiced in a Nova Scotia town called Tatamagouche. His cultural grandfather had even chewed tobacco, "because he was a man," said Anne. "But he didn't do any spitting around the house. Given wouldn't have stood for that." Anne's parents had sent her to the Springfield hospital where he was no longer, she was a nurse.

The Murphys had six children, five of them boys. (All but one of the sons was still at the province last summer, though none was living at home. These had decided to become doctors.) They moved several times, finally occupying a grey-shingled house of many bedrooms on a hill in the best part of town, which is to say the far side from the water. Anne had an early childhood, surrounded by brothers who were "as spoiled as I was"—we were all spoiled rotten. Her father never discussed the mine, the mine, the hospital or the atom house with most peers that learned with an abrupt and involving mystery

out of the grey smoke of the slag piles.

Whether this was an attempt to protect them from the realities of Springfield or simply a reflection of the father's discretion, Anne could not say. For Dr. J. Carson Murray was a remarkably quiet man. Pleasant and often subtly amused, he had the self-absorbed air of a follower of his own prescription for a long and pleasant life. "Getting him to talk is like pulling teeth," said Anne. (Dr. Murray was still working at All Saint's Hospital in Springfield and had maintained a private practice.) As a father he was fond, permissive, precise. Mrs. Marion Murray, a casual and pretty woman when her daughter resembles, recalled that, when the children were very young, "I'd go to mine and when I got back, they'd all be crying in the yard. He'd be asleep in his chair."

Anne's first impression of Springfield was negative and dispirited. "You could kind of feel a cloud over its head. I still don't think of good things there except within the family." She continued to stay close to home, sharing the teeny-group at Gil's Snack Bar, becoming infected instead with the boyish sense for sports statistics. From her brother's studies of the planets, she learned all the planets, their numbers and naming anomalies. She had, however, made friends with several boys' daughters, and the Springfield dancers taught her more than obliquely. She remembered standing at the pulpit with them, watching patiently for fathers who failed to appear.

During all this time Anne had been singing, her voice as untrained but disconcertingly so-pure that dispirited, unexpectantly, when she was 13, singing at home and school was "the only real happiness. I loved high school. I was terribly interested in sports and there was no gym. Nobody was strong me to the church. I guess I was quiet and shy. But I had always loved to sing. In grade 11 I organized pep sessions and brought the best singers back to the house



We taped all our stuff. Photos at Springfield always seemed to be snapshots. There were a lot of talented singers there."

At 15 Anne had undertaken a weekly 100-mile round trip to Tatamagouche on the bus for voice training from the nearest qualified teacher. The strenuous journey for two years. Meanwhile she won a prize in her first music festival and sang *For Me and My Gal* at her own high-school graduation, singing for the first time that faces in the audience seemed "moved"—people were blowing their noses and so on. But the desire to sing professionally erupted up on her with consequences after an operation, a late and, her father had warned, vocally disastrous tonal surgery. Told by a nurse to breathe deeply, the patient instead hunched a phantom but quite fearful note.

Anne spent several years at Victoria University, a classical liberal-arts college for women in Halifax, after one year and transferred to the University of New Brunswick, where she earned a degree in physical education. The move was hastened by a campus revue called *Smashway* (bubbles). After approving a rehearsal a man objected to Anne's rendition of Greenwich's *Samson and Delilah*. He scolded the end, so though Anne was learning "valued people," and of course she was, Odette and Mahalia Jackson being two of her favorite singers, Anne was forbidden to sing in that "world-class" fashion in the revue. "I did, anyway," she said. "Then I left. There were too many screwy restrictions."

How Anne might played at a high school at Summerside, PEI, joined *Smashway* (bubbles) (on her second try), gave up teaching and required a devoted manager (*Smashway* here, pro-

to her past business, Anne's first role was director only daughter. "My brothers were as spoiled as I was—no more all spoiled sister." Being, with manager Bill Longmire.



dear Bill Langworthy), made their alliance apparent on Gile Campbell's U.S. tour, and got a booking at Toronto's Imperial Room—this was all well known and documented, the stuff of press releases, staged plays, poems, introductions and interviews by Edward Galt. The intrepid girl she was, she was some and unimpeded and sang in her bare feet was already a bore, one of the countless trivial passages with which a technological society has barbarized itself. Nevertheless the CBC publicly refused, seeking up to manufacture the fable of a new Juliette had an interesting girl on its hands, the product of a unique Canadian temperament.

Northwest is a village on Northumberland Strait, a curve of red beach with sandbars and piles of lobster traps, a frame house and a fishing boat, a river toward Shearwater. Dr. J. Murray Murray had bought a cottage there 34 years ago for \$300 ("complete with crockery"). He had since done almost nothing to it. The Murphys spent their summers at Northport, swimming in the sea, digging for clams, eating a super's rib-bee pie that resulted from Dr. Murray's occasional hunting expeditions along the Trans-Canada Highway. A summer neighbor and contemporary of Anna's, named Bob Adler, was struck by the absence of the Murray children; they were a group, "like them." The cottage represented Anna's first physical escape from Springfield, and it led to another.

A couple of miles from Peggy's Cove is a lonely point known locally as Paddy's Head. The shore is rocky and the sea is rough. Anna went there one day, was entranced and arranged to buy land at New York Avenue four acres and 1,500 feet of ocean frontage on the adjacent Moody Cove. What paid for it, primarily, was Sewing.

Anna planned to build a wintered house on the shore. "I want to retire — if I had the money I would retire right now," she said. "I love to sing, but I don't need an audience. I hate the old time, and I'm only getting into it because of you're

not married and you have no kids, you have to do something." Similar sentiments had been expressed by many an over-the-hill but Anne was an honest girl, and from the vantage of the apartment she shared in Halifax (she had backed off from a planned move to Toronto's Moody Cove instead) she, the ultimate escape.

The population of Springfield, which had fallen from 7,800 at the time of the '58 boom to a low of something over 5,000 in the late '60s, had doubled by the summer of 1970 and perhaps was increasing. Government announcements and subsidies had established several minor industries, the surviving ones and the new ones. Dr. Murray announced that there was enough coal above the really dangerous depths to last 50 years, but grasped in some odd case of their consciousness that there was no longer any market for the product (Springfield itself was now heated almost entirely by oil) that the heat of the town's young men, who might have followed their fathers down to the coal state, had dried instead to come home, and that the women who might have married them had gone.

There young people had driven north in their drab cars to Annapolis and had turned left and occasionally right on the Trans-Canada Highway. They had taken the 8:10 a.m. bus to Halifax via Pictou and the 1:10 p.m. bus to Sydney via Blacklick. A few of them, like Anne Murray, had left home unperceptibly, over a period of years, and their evening would never be back except to visit, to walk up Main Street and consider the middle-aged old men in the municipal park waiting for the dead miners. □

Between acts of *Changelings*, actress Anne reveals snippets of home and husband as "The original heiress." Below, an image with Steve MacLean, the composer of "Tossie"



is not, the ancestors of men there who have traversed the mighty brilliant and barren no man's land where there is of an immense our efforts against them we despair. When doing whatever it is they do so surprisingly well, such people have a charisma, an electricity, about them. Arnold Palmer on the golf course has it. Cy Young on the baseball diamond, Sir Laurence Olivier on stage. Glenn Gould at the piano. Bobby Orr is such a genius. Stirling Moss was it, Rosi Stangor is. Hennessey was. Sam Kehala and Eric Murray are.

Kehala and Murray are probably the best bridge partnership in the world. But Canada, and most particularly hometown Toronto, rarely sees this magic because Kehala and Murray devote most of their time to the international bridge circuit. But there was, briefly, a demonstration of this surpassing, electrifying excellence at the Royal York Hotel in Toronto in August, at a relatively undisputed tournament staged by the Ontario Bridge Federation.

Murray, the affable amateur, had agreed to join a team competing in the knockout event. Alone, and without a partner really worthy of him, he was an observer. But on the second day of the four-day tournament — a Friday — he couldn't play, so Kehala sat in for him. Then, at half time for the seniors, Murray appeared. The teammate with whom Kehala had been playing somewhat reluctantly, relinquished his chair. Murray sat. "Well, how many more have you put on, Kehala?" he said. Suddenly an antroom away from the hall where 600 nearly first-class players were competing in the Ontario national bridge tournament, as even of the third rank, came alive. Suddenly, the Kehala-Murray table was surrounded by a score or more of people. Suddenly, the opponents — two young men, students perhaps — became relaxed, playful almost, knowing what would happen. Suddenly there was that tangible air of heightened awareness that, even if you can't play and don't comprehend what's going on, makes the best of your meek little Red Rover on the center court at Wimbledon. Good at the piano. Miss of Mr. Men.

Kehala and Murray at the bridge table.

Sam Kehala, 35, bachelor, born in Iraq but Jewish in origin, raised in India, partly educated in California and now very Canadian. Medium height (five-foot-10½) and new slightly patching, a bridge professional, the converse thing to a gluttonous boy on the big-league bridge tournament circuit, and the one they call Black Sam because black is all he ever seems to be shrouded in the tables, usually silent and stoic and taciturn. Free-wheeling — as one aficionado puts it — like a computer.

Eric Murray, Q.C., 41, father of three

The trick that turned Sam Kehala (north) and Eric Murray (south) into the world's toughest bridge partnership

BY ALAN EDMONDS



at WASP is knockout, prize of several impossibly Establishable clubs well-trodden over a glowing pattern of flesh that signals health and wealth, grace, athletic adroit, except that there's usually a hole in his words, still of the success as he with various slight, exquisite, shaggy and curled and slightly Kehala, matching his partner's mathematical precision with the kind of play you might more readily find at the poker table.

An improbable partnership that has endured and matured in almost unbroken, unopposed 11 years and linked both men — and Canada — to someone in the recited world of international tournament bridge is a pure game,

a game in which there remain a considerable element of luck and no single Canadian, U.S., or North American championship match. Players' status depends on a panoply of success among experts. They would say Kehala and Murray, who both long ago accumulated the 300 individual points needed to become Life Members of the American Contract Bridge League, are at least among the world's top four partnerships.

Considered individually, there seems to be a little less doubt. Kehala, say an over-whelming number of bridge experts who would themselves like to be top dog, may be the best in the world. Murray is sure of it. Tournament organizers pay Kehala's expenses to travel half-way round the world to play in their events. Of the 43 million North Americans (about four million of them Canadians) who play bridge, increasing numbers are on the youthful side of the generation gap and among them are girls who swoon at the thought of playing with Kehala. "May to whom the justice means a lot would give a great deal to play with Murray Kehala," says Diana Gordon, who has played for Canada.

The prince with whom some people consider bridge is most visible in the three main levels of tournament — national (the one at the Royal York), regional and national, that is, North American. All annually rank player and attendance records — and yet there's no money in it, the prize is just the win-win and, perhaps, some movie power. From the ladies who play politely and long at suburban bridge clubs, through to national tournaments drawing 5,000 or more contestants, the degree of dedication is uneven.

Kehala calls the tournament-bridge world "unhealthy." It is propelled to a large degree by social desires, people who, because of an irrefutable attraction for a game that is a mirror between chess and poker, use it as a mirror in which they play the landscape of acceptance, not wealth or social power.

"There are people at bridge tournaments and clubs who would not be acceptable in other clubs or forms of competition," continued on page 50



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"The bridge world's a rat race," says Kehela. "Many tournament players aren't the best types. They're not too sociable, very intense"

because their manners are unacceptable," says Murray, whose manners are impeccable. Dennis Gordon, a widower and charitable attorney, has been involved with bridge for a few years, says that most tournament bridge players are egomaniacs. In a milieu of adulation, aging, and beratement, the fascination of bridge can become for some a raging fever. "There are many people unable to cope with normal everyday behavior who have found a place in the bridge world," says Kehela.

"One guy in the masters' group at the nationals . . . they call him The Whale. He must be 400, maybe 450 pounds. He must have started out fat, discovered that in bridge opponents can't experience — and let himself go.

"He is an exception, admittedly. But many people who meet at tournaments are not the best types. It's a rat race, and the people in it are single-minded, intense people, not as sociable as the average. They tend to be totally dedicated."

The dedication can be imagined even for those who play only contract bridge, the game of our living room. Kehela says it should be the reverse: just as no husband should try teaching his wife to drive, so no man should play bridge with his wife — but the duplicate bridge played at tournaments is manifestly more demanding and more contempt of human relationships.

Kehela says tournament bridge partnerships are "a marriage in miniature." The most visible Murray says that "like most marriages, partnerships in bridge rarely fail, but usually the contract isn't strong enough to hold. The tension of playing in a tournament that may last 10 days are hard for an outsider to conceive. The object is to avoid disasters, and of course they happen. It's the key to Murray's partner for them and they like-wide yourself! That's one of the advantages of the game."

It's as strange as either Kehela nor Murray has taken. Their partnership has survived for eight years because of Murray describes it as a tacit agreement not to talk bridge, at least at the table at which they were played, and a minimal social contact outside the tournament circuit. They also spend much of their time simply visiting one another.

"Dumb," says Eric "Dankowski" Kehela, observes pointedly, "are bad and have four corners."

Other partnerships are less durable. There is one six-tournament tournament called Canada, who is differently getting a partner name, on losing a woman, he not only readily admits his partner — a conspicuous occurrence — but also clattered him over the head with the aluminum duplicate board, which

contained the hand they had just played. Even in good contract bridge players the duplicate board of tournament bridge is an essential quality. In the team game, in which players of the Kehela-Murray caliber are more often engaged, every competing team plays out the same 13-card hands. One pair is north-south the other east-west. Each team has a just playing a each position. While the north-south pair of one team may be playing a bridge hand in one room, their teammates may be defending against the same hand next door. And each hand comes from a duplicate board or card stock, which comes in the middle card.

And so, unlike the living-room social players, no one man is simply playing the cards before him. He must make sure that, if he plays the cards, he is getting the most points possible out of the hand. A social bridge player, given one who has read all the approved books, would not understand what is happening at a Kehela-Murray tournament table. Like all top players their bids — one heart, three spades, and so on — are part of an uncodable language, a series of codes and conventions that, as Kehela's case, are based on the actual performance involved in the value and distribution of the cards held by himself, his partner and their opponents. The odds involved are calculated with a precision that would terrify even top-notch social bridge players.

And since the hands to be played are predetermined and played by every opponent, Kehela and Murray know they are always playing the same game — so far as the cards are concerned — that their partners are playing, or have played. If they do not make at least as many points as the opponents of the other pair, then they must have done it. He did not win their own opponents to lose more than their teammates lost in playing the same cards, then it's the man that's down, not the partner. And what did their partners do? They never know. All they do know is that the aggregate points gained or lost in the game they are playing will be weighed against the points made by every other partnership. If they made more points with the same cards than any other pair, they win. And then the auction of the bid is put in their room may cost them a place in the top 10, or win them one.

The tension is, therefore, great. The preoccupation is with the cards to be played, not the opponents. In the North American nationals at Bala in July — one of those major North American events each year — Kehela and Murray at one point played against a team that included the nearly blind player who had been successful at the world championship

steps a few weeks earlier. Kehela soon graduated him. The man's partner asked: "Why don't you ask him about his family? His grandchildren? Discuss the weather, why don't you? We're only playing bridge."

And once Murray and his partner changed tables while loudly debating the way they had played a hand, he said down to a new duplicate board, played one hand — and then the victory of Murray's left said "That's in time you said 'Hello'!" It was his mother. He hadn't noticed her.

The tension produces conflicts. In the U.S., many years ago, a woman whipped out a gun and shot her husband after a badly played hand. International outbursts — in which the world is divided into zones: North America, Europe and so on — have been disrupted by fistfights between partners, and on one occasion by a man striking a woman by calmly emptying a full ashtray over her opponent's head.

Kehela's home is a household word in a large slice of North America and his income is mostly from writing about bridge, or teaching it for him, he says, that "are higher than most people in Canada charge, but a lot less than fees in America, which can be anything from \$50 to \$100 a lesson." (Bridge instructors don't charge as much as teachers between \$4,000 and \$5,000 a year how he gets along on so little returns a mystery.)

One leading U.S. bridge professional makes an estimated \$50,000 a year, mostly from teaching — and Charles Brown became a millionaire from writing and promoting his point-count system, which was actually calculated by a Toronto insurance company president, William Anderson, of North American Life. For a bridge pro, the money is in the U.S. But Kehela is not here to promote himself at Games his. And, having come to Canada in 1957 via India, California, Jamaica and Britain, he refuses to move south.

"I don't like Americans as a group. They're too aggressive and money-hungry for me," he says. Canada he likes, because it is a compromise between Europe and America — "and I'm even growing chafed, somehow I always seem to play better in the bridge Olympics when there are national teams, not regional ones, and when I'm playing for Canada, not North America." Largely because Kehela and Murray have played at all three of the Olympics, which are held every four years, Canada has done rather better in world bridge than in most sports. In 1962, Canada was fourth in 1966, third. The bridge community is now beginning to prepare for the Olympics of 1972, which has no connection with the athletic

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"Right now Sammy's in a snit. The dumbbo gets moody if we don't win everything in sight"

Olympics. About 40 nations will be represented. Kibella and Murray will aim successfully, but others on the team will have to win a playoff tournament. They could include Percy Sheendoo, aging but for years Mr. Bridge in Canada.

Kibella and Murray do not appear in tournaments as often as many top players, largely because Murray is a busy lawyer and hasn't the time. Occasionally Kibella plays with other partners. Both men might more deservingly deserve the title "the world's best" if they played in more tournaments. Even so, Murray has won a place on the North American team for the world championship three times in six years — and since 1985, Kibella has always either played with him or been team coach. A few years ago, when the North American team was defeated by the British team, Kibella and Murray were voted by their peers to be the best individual partnership.

Anyway, Kibella says he is growing disenchanted with tournament bridge. One day recently he sat in his own-bedroom apartment in Vancouver's Forest Hill, beneath a 24-by-48-inch blowup of his idol, Humphrey Bogart, and desecrated his big national tournament this way:

"More and more people are playing bridge — young people particularly — and among them are those who want to win at any activity. It's at the tournament that they try to do so.

"It's a hard life, because the hours are long. It's even physically exhausting, sitting playing for perhaps 10 hours a day under great tension. And the audience makes it a madhouse. There are anywhere between 5,000 and 10,000 people at a national tour. You line up to get into the coffee shop, you line up for the john. In Chicago in 1945 they once had policemen directing traffic inside the hotel. Everywhere you go — alcoholic, barter-shop, games — people talk nothing but bridge and bridge hands.

"Playing the tables are crisscrossed so as to make fairly easy to walk. It's smoky and noisy, with people pretending to the directors all the time over some technical infraction of the rules. You play with people who have bad habits and it's almost uncomfortable. If I were 10 years younger I wouldn't realize, but I've started to get on my nerves. I'll play in fewer tournaments now."

Or was this disenchantment just a fit of temperament?

Later the same day Eric Murray sat in his gracious home in one of the swankier parts of Toronto, worried about obtaining his swimming pool and explained "Look, right now Sammy's in a snit. The dumbbo gets very moody after a tournament

if we don't win everything in sight. And we've just played in the British national and our team lost to a team of junior players. He's just overawed."

Perhaps. He has been playing since his convalescent days at Berkeley when he discovered the game. First he played socially, then he found he could make a few dollars a day (which he needed because he was broke) playing for a fraction of a cent a point. And then, it was an intensely competitive game at which he could meet. "Look, I was 37 and a rust, complete with aces, and I was — I was — intensely competitive. But I couldn't compete in most active sports there because I was too small for football and they didn't play cricket, tennis or soccer, the games I'd grown up playing quite well in India."

Later, as a dropout, he was shoehorned into the family's Caribbean-based scrap-metal firm and sent to be trained in Britain. But since his apprenticeship involved handling scrap about and he felt neither physically nor temperamentally equipped for it, he quit "and started playing bridge, which I enjoyed much more than."

A couple of years after his arrival in Canada, he began playing with Murray who had also begun playing in university and whose first tournament partner had gone to California. Both are now slightly surprised it has lasted so long.

Murray may never have been so passionately involved in the game as his peers on the tournament circuit, though he, too, says he took up the game partly because he was too clumsy to be competitive at more customary sports. Kibella, on the other hand, was apparently once as acrobatically dedicated as anyone. And both mourn the fact that they no longer enjoy social bridge. They are now too good to enjoy it, except among those good enough to challenge their skill.

Perhaps he was, as Murray had put it, "overtrained," but after that brief spell of play at the Royal York, Kibella said "To certain extent, I've been a hard work. When I was young there were many ways to conquer and I was always improving. Well, now I've won my share and I've reached a plateau — in fact, I'll probably start slipping soon."

"Oh, there's still a thrill when you win. But it's not as important any more. It's not like the first winners — not that kind of thrill any more. Why go to? Well, what else would I do? Is a clerk in an insurance company?"

These people who excel, whose performance when doing what they do so well can make your spine tingle with excitement — these people play for their money. □



PAUL SALTZMAN is 35 and his hair is not only very long, it sticks out all over the place, and that irritates many other people. And perhaps that's all you need to know about him. Anyway, according to Saltzman, it irritated a Toronto magazine when he first appeared as a charge of careless driving six years ago. Saltzman was a motorcycle police rider then, his lawyer made a tactical error, and — bang! — you're guilty. Saltzman's 30 months' suspension of license. Ten days or \$100. The \$100 was scarce. Saltzman went to jail but, before he went, he spoke to the police sergeant who was his prosecutor.

"What really bothers me is that we young people are told by your generation to respect and believe in law and order and justice and I've been in court since now on driving charges. And both sides the policeman was not being truthful, and both times I was con-

victed, and I don't understand how I'm supposed to respect law, order and such justice."

The police-sergeant prosecutor admitted that policemen did not always tell the truth under oath, but he had no answer for Saltzman, and, when Saltzman jumped into the magazine as the elevator, the magazine was most emphatic about having no answer.

"The cop's decision is final and I will not discuss it."

Inside the old Dan Inn in Toronto, Saltzman kept a diary. He hadn't much else to do though the quality came back to him again and again. How, as I supposed to respect law and order and this kind of justice? In the months that followed, he edited the diary down — from 10 times the length published here. When he had it well interest people who think his question is worth trying to answer — THE SGT0085.

Inside.

Using the one pencil in our cell. There are 16 beds in here and, during the day, the kids down the corridor spend their time with us. At night they sleep in tiny three-foot-wide cots. Right now there are 36 of us crowded in here. Looking around, I'd say the room's about 16-by-33 feet. It has an old wooden floor and a high ceiling, and the yellow walls are so stained with nicotine, gray dirt they look like the bedside of a room addict. There are three large windows on the west side of the room, with heavy bars on the inside and bars on the outside. The lower part of the mesh is covered with steel

cells, doors, and those windows get absolutely pained over are filthy. We've got one point in here and, on a low, cement platform beside the sink, there's a toilet bowl. Just that. The bowl. No seat.

It's late afternoon and it's been a very busy, druggy few hours, since getting here. Only this morning I played with Alan and Barry in a superb little park yard and I used to play in what we were told? We three stood a new yellow Platoon, carrying and dropping it right on center, one in another, like a small car floating through our own zone. Later, Susan and I sat beside the skating rink in front of the City Hall. Sunny blue-and-yellow day. Indian summer. For an hour we watched people glide freely about, and then we kind of gave up. The officer who took me to the jail said it was his seventh year enjoying prisoners in the Don. "It used to depress me, taking people away from their families and all. But after a while you know they're all locked anyway."

A strong guy walked in, enter through the heavy wooden doors. Then, through a door of bars, sat in a whole wall of bars. Clerk. Stood on stool. Behind me. Then, down like a white-out-like substance what I was told to strip. Two guards lifted out force.

"How many times? Five? Six?"

"No, first time."

"First time, eh? What's next of last?"

"Mother? Wife? Girl you sleep with?"

We went across the hall to a long shower room. "Take a shower?" Tried to make it hot. Got a dark-blue work shirt, blue work pants with half the fly buttons missing, wool socks, black clothed-up shoes. The pants came down to about four inches above the heels. I felt like a rag-doll and. Next, to the "bailup," a small, belting room, without windows, with benches around the walls, and a tray of half-liter beignets sandwich lunches on the floor. Another prisoner in the cell was about 58, distinguished-looking, grey hair, someone else, very shaven on his face. He introduced himself as John, offering a cigarette. I refused.

"Don't you smoke?"

"If we're in the same cell, can I have your tobacco?"

"Sure."

A guard unlocked the door. "Come on, you two, let's go."

We went out up five or six flights of stairs, each guard pulling up to the next floor, "Two coming up? Two coming up?" The stairs bordered on a kind of wall, open from the ground right up to the domed roof end, as John and I went on, we passed next locked in and blacked that indicated out from the central core. I had the feeling that if bars had barbed wire they'd be just like this.

Finally to the top floor, our names written on a small blackboard outside a

cell door, and "Okay, as you go!" Walked in, looked at the floor, found an empty bed and lay down. Metal case, a wooden table, two benches, those pale-yellow walls.

DAY TWO

Lights went out last night at 10 o'clock. Slept poorly, waking off and on all night. At 6:30 the morning wake-up bell rang. Orange juice came, tasting mostly like water. Then "jag up," and time. Filled wheel, four shovels of bread, one pot of margarine, jam, tea. You're supposed to get a toothbrush when you come in, but John and I didn't. The guard said he'd get us one.

After breakfast, they took me out of my cell to No. 3 Annex — were in No. 3 — to wash floors and bars. They must have had trouble sleeping down there. In No. 3 we have ten, cotton-covered mattresses. In No. 2 there are just blankets and the bed space.

Just had a walk in the exercise yard. Ten minutes around a circular sidewalk in the shadows of three high walls and the jail building. About 45 of us. A few blacks, some Asians, mostly older men. Walked with a fellow named Mike, who has been in many times for drinking. He says the jail is more than 110 years old, and twice a year now for 20 years a grand jury has come through, condemned the place and gone away. Nothing ever happens. Another fellow, friendly, smiling, about 40 — he's in for his 28th time this year. About 260 days so far, all for drinking. Apparently it's hard to break free of the old-time alcohol — jail, hospital, museum, jail — and, for some, and in the best part of it, which says a hell of a lot about the world from they must have on the streets. One fellow, Fred, is a won't. Incredibly bright and well-read. Fred, Nigel, most of the philosophers.

Some younger guys in our cell have had rough breaks from the bail system. Barry is in for car theft. He served 52 days, just waiting for trial. His sentence was 60 days, and they didn't count the first 52. Two other kids are now doing seven days each — after waiting in here for six weeks.

Mike, nicknamed "Huggy" and "Toby," is in for possession of hashish. He's brought me to play double solitaire. I've lost every game since. The "Toby" comes from the fact he caught second day in here. They're gone now.

Brian trying to get another "peace" now for 10 hours, as this one is borrowed. "No pencils allowed except for letter-writing."

"But the deputy superintendent gave me permission to keep notes about the book I'm reading."

"Then, he should have given you one."

"Yes, but he had to ask the guard up here."

"Well, I'll see if I can get you one."

Meanwhile he's got three in his pocket. He goes away, comes back, whispers my pencil, pocket it, gives me another one. It's half an inch shorter.

DAY THREE

It's about 6:30 a.m., getting light outside. The sky is a gentle blue. I can see through the mesh-derelict-glass-derelict has — light traffic on General Street. Hey! Buddy! Can you give a guy a lift? Answer: Can't you just give me a ride downtown? I've got to see my woman.

"Okay, come and get breakfast, you guys."

The van is turning the buildings a distinct pink. Through the air in the steel sheets I can see City Hall. World 2 day to go skating now. The blue is deeper, see the pink well wash stuff into view, the day will arrive and pass slowly, slowly, slowly.

Several of us spent an hour this afternoon carrying new books to another cell block. The guard was a nice fellow, like Mike, helped us regulate mirror cell doors, and made the job pleasant. The cells were seven feet square, eight feet high, no windows.

"One man to a cell?"

"Hell no," the guard said. "Four men. Two double bunk in each." The guards did a surprise search at three last night and found four had been and two sharp spooks.

It's a little later. Just had a visit. Was called down ("Talk in your shirt and comb your hair") to a cell block on the ground floor, out through a swinging half-door and now Earl and Mary coming in to have a waiting room. We picked up telephones and talked through steel glass. I told Mary everything was okay, just druggy slow, and then she got back and gave the phone to Earl. After six or seven minutes, the guard yelled, "Okay, Salomon," and I had to go.

Wow, it was great! A vibrant course of search. Later on like that also. Mike has two from his woman, which he keeps making to touch the outside, to feel loved. We can write only two personal letters a week to the outside. One page with lines on it — and no crowding in extra words between the lines or on the back. All mail, in and out, is air-mailed.

Robt just said that the visiting regime here is also a part of the sun. His wife came 260 miles by train for his one weekly visit. They had eight minutes together.

continued on page 56

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INSIDE continued

stripped and given two blankets. As he entered the cell the guard snatched him in the back of the head, locked him a few times, and left. He spent three days there.

Back from a church service given in the shape of the Anglican Church Army. About 50 of us, out of 400 or 500, turned up. It was virtually a 100-mech class, live by live interpretation of 38 verses from the New Testament. Not like school. "Stand up, sit down, let us pray." Most of us were actually bored.

Mom and Dad should visit tomorrow, Yes?

DAY EIGHT

6:30 a.m. Wake up, and the first thing you see of God's infinitely synchronized beauty is the ugly cell.

Back from a break with only 10 men, out in the cold. Mom and Dad should be here soon. Oh yes. Two new comic books came. Flash Gordon and Asterix.

Just finished a 10-minute rest with the folks. They looked great. Bill is happy. Too. His lady visited him. On any way back up to see the fellow who has been in 28 since this year for drinking. It's 27 now. He was out for a day and a half.

Sadness racks my guts right now — sadness at trying, sitting across from Joe. Quiet, head, soft-voiced Joe. Sad, and Joe. Here so close, he seems broken now. Sat down to talk to me. "Oh, are you here?" I don't want to disturb you." He started to go up. "No, it's okay. I finished what I was writing." We talked for a bit, got talking with each other, then left me since I didn't know what to say. I've got to get out of here soon. My head aches for truth as liberty to walk where I please. The day after tomorrow sounds as far away. Could see me a bag right now from Santa or Maria. Maybe there are four.

DAY NINE

Afternoon. The guard is taking the animals at three who'll be discharged tomorrow. We'll be taken to the release cells soon. A new Spenser comic just arrived.

Earlier, outside "surgery." I got news from an old, old man huddled in the corner, twisting a blood-stained handkerchief. His face red, his nose crinkled and poked by hoarseness, his eyes lifeless. "I saw Earl and me when we were alone at night, outside our huts on the barbed wire. Two men so drunk they could hardly see, looked themselves bloody in a shallow sign of something

We were terrified and ran home. En lock, looking at the old man. The heavy door swung open and the voices of a thousand C&S men beat out from a radio, singing on. "Come on! Come on! The wonderful world we live in the wonderful world of natural gas."

We're now in a basement where old Double books, no mattress, and cold. Twenty-five of us get out in the morning. They look in to the shower room, and returned our clothes, but returned in showers. I feel more like me in my own clothes. There's a young fellow here with a present driving conversion of criminal negligence, and now he's in for dangerous driving. Both offences more serious than mine. He was caught in a high-speed, midnight police chase. No fine. No suspension of license. Two days in jail. Incredible.

It's strange but the whole more does seem to be beginning to fade. My mind is forgetting the long loneliness, like a dream, or a dark tunnel that never really existed. Didn't even have a chance to say good-bye to everyone. It's amazing how many of the people in No. 3 Arrack had badly mangled childhoods. Perhaps too much of them. Like Mike, who's an engineer and was placed on a farm when he was 10. He was wanted like a slave until he was 15 and ran away to Yorkville. They see no compassion in society. They do not respect it, or its laws. However, when did it ever respect them? How can society demand respect from Mike when it allows a Mafia to exist, but doesn't allow him to get started with his woman in the privacy of their own lodgings?

Lights out. Finally. God, I can hardly see. While breathing my teeth there was an older man at the desk. He's in for drinking, and he was washing a slightly stained but lovely necktie. Red with white flowers and bones on it. He looked at me. "My Monkeys give me this. . . . I put it away for a long time, but then I took it out. My Monkeys gave me it in 1927."

DAY TEN

It's 7:50 a.m. Only eight more hours. Should be getting out within the hour. Setting in the shower room now. We put our cellmates back, and we're on our way OUT.

Outside now. Warm. Sensations of space and cold air on my expansive grey cheeks piled all over the sky. My frosty breath flows away and the morning breeze delivers my hair, and curls.

It's good to be here. □

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How All Those 'Love Guides' Can Lead Us Astray About Sex

THERE'S AN OLD SAYING from the north of England that goes: "If the bedsheet isn't happy, neither is any other room in the house." And that truth, along with The Pill and the New Morality and Women's Liberation, has produced a situation in which Dr. Stephen Nigrier, Canada's twice married top expert on sex, says, "The average couple who come to me now have been having sexual difficulties for five to 10 years. The wife is frustrated, and the husband feels inadequate."

"The wife is frustrated." As usually as 10 years ago, the complaint would probably have been the other way around. Today, says Nigrier, the wife aspects as much from the marital relationship as the husband, and since the husband of yesterday's marriage has left each (disappointed) to meet the other's needs they turn to the so-called "sex manuals" for guidance. And potential trouble



"Most of the troubled couples who want to see me for counselling have read three or four books on how to make love, and have been so damaged by them that they're forced to seek professional help," says Nigrier.

So in his role of executive director of the Sex Information and Education Council of Canada (SIECCAN), Dr. Nigrier set up two independent committees to evaluate the dozens of sex guides on the market. So far they've reviewed the 16 most popular manuals, and only three of them have got more than half the possible stars. (The committees finished their evaluations before two current best sellers, Dr. David Reuben's *Everywhere You Always Wanted To Know About Sex* and *The Sexuous Woman* by J.J., were published. "It's very close," says Dr. Nigrier. "I doubt whether we would have reached them. They are not really marriage manuals and book

have received cool reviews from knowledgeable people.")

"We found that one out of 10 books on 'how to make love' are garbage," reports Nigrier. "Misleading information is sold in the guise of authoritative knowledge."

The committees assessing the books include people who might be considered experts on human sexuality, if not on sex itself. They include Dr. Clare Robinson, psychiatrist and the Kingston Dr. Kenneth Allen, a psychologist and counselor, the two doctors, Toronto's Anglican bishop Edward Scott, social worker William Ginterbridge, nurse Mrs. Jean Gifford, psychiatrist Dr. John Roth and Mrs. Judy Seale, a social worker. And, of course, Dr. Nigrier himself, who says of his last marriage: "It failed because we ignored each other and wanted different things. Bad marriages shouldn't be saved unless there's a

relevant," observes Nigrier. "Some of the best manuals have been written by journalists who have done their homework, some of the worst by doctors with a dozen letters after their names."

One common criticism of sex manuals is that they are woefully out of date. In the past 25 years, vital information has been gathered about human sexual behavior, notably by such prolific researchers as Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey and Dr. William H. Masters and Virginia E. Johnson. Any author who fails to consider these new findings is, in Nigrier's view, guilty of gross negligence. If not updated, the somewhat well-documented sex manual of yesterday is a source of tragedy today.

A case in point is *Ideal Marriage* by the Dutch physician T. H. Van de Velde. When first published in 1928, *Ideal Marriage* was hailed as a masterpiece of sexual erudition and hardheadedness. Millions of copies were sold throughout the world. Yet the most recent reprint, in 1969, is cited by the SIECCAN committee as "a poor choice for present-day readers as it contains many dogmatic statements that are unacceptable."

The perpetuation of myths about the sexual nature of men and women is what makes *Ideal Marriage* and certain other manuals a poor choice. The "sex comes naturally" theory is one of them.

"Maybe that's true of animals," explains Nigrier. "But it doesn't apply to highly civilized and civilized man. It takes more than the wedding night to turn the average man or woman into a satisfactory lover."

Another myth cherished by many marriage manuals is that women are timid. "People sometimes lacking an appetite for sex and must therefore be handled with the utmost care." That fictional characterization is usually the work of male authors," observes Nigrier. "Real women aren't that way at all, though some manuals do encourage women to conform to the usage."

And the greatest sin of many marriage manuals is that they provide a narrow, inflexible description of what constitutes the "normal" act of love. The reader is left to conclude that the peak of love — the orgasm — must be reached spontaneously by husband and wife, that there is only one respectable way of making love, that a woman who is not sexually satisfied by any other means is abnormal, weak, immature and neurotic. "Manuals of this kind give men a small hearing," says Dr. Nigrier. "They

show no appreciation of the possible variety of coitus, or overlooking her as they comprehend the different sexual things in men and women. Therefore, the man is obligated to hide his time, by reading the closing stock market quotations, in the hope that his wife will catch up with him. This kind of thing leads to a pattern of sexual failure, and failure leads to a crowd of sex that ends its shadow over the entire marriage."

Many sex manuals are bad because the author is hopelessly biased, says the SIECCAN report. Some psychiatric authors are among the worst — explaining and interpreting all sexual behavior in terms of Freudian principles formulated 70 years ago and now regarded as at best questionable.

"The most common manual I've read was written by a woman psychoanalyst," says Nigrier. "It's narrow and misleading. If I read were alone today, I'd advise her to visit to take the latest research findings into account. His theories don't."

Again, when a medical specialist writes a sex manual, it tends to reflect the limited background of his specialty. Thus the endocrinologist will overemphasize the importance of glandular activity. The urologist will dwell on the firmness of the genital organs and so on.

"Sexual behavior," says Nigrier, "can't be explained in terms of a single medical specialty. Furthermore, it's more than the sum total of a number of medical specialties. What's needed now is the development of a new kind of specialist — the sexologist. Ideally, he should possess a degree in medicine and in psychology and/or psychiatry and also have experience in sex research."

Nigrier is probably the only man in Canada who means his own criteria for a sexologist.

Born in Budapest, the son of a prominent bank and insurance owner, he went to the University of Toronto for his undergraduate work. "My father would talk frantically to me about all kinds of things, including his own sex life." His varied degrees in medicine and in psychology at the University of Toronto and later taught psychology at the University of Western and Toronto. He has also run several research projects in sexual behavior.

In 1957 he became a senior psychiatrist at the St. Michael's Hospital. He and his colleagues conducted studies in a variety of behavioral areas including marriage, mood cycles and suicide. Today he is the only Canadian Fellow of the elite U.S.-based Society for the

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MODERN MARRIAGE

Scientific Study of Sex, whose guru husband accused Kinky and now is studies Minsky and Johnson. He is co-author of the *Journal Of Sex Research* and has contributed to a number of book tradebooks on the behavioral sciences.

He lives in suburban Toronto with his second wife and her two children, and while he himself believes in monogamous marriage he suggests that we have already begun to move into a "multiplayer" marital society. In this new structure, men and women will be increasingly free to adopt one of several styles of living. More people may choose to remain single — a style that will carry no stigma.

"Men and women may even choose to live with each other without the common of law or the church only because they like or love each other. The attachment may last a few months or a few years and it may — or may not — end in marriage. It will be accepted by society without comment," Nager says. "Such arrangements are quite common in Scandinavia. In Denmark it is not unusual for a mother to serve breakfast in bed to her contracted daughter's lover."

But these new patterns will evolve slowly, despite the general impression that we're in the midst of a fast-moving sexual revolution. "Only a minority of the population is actively taking part in that revolution," explains Nager. "More people would like it, but they're inhibited by their past education and conditioning."

And by the sex gods they turn to when the hedonist lefts happen. □



YOUR GUIDE TO THE LOVE GUIDES

Compiled by the Sex Information and Education Council of Canada. Maximum possible rating: 150 points

□ *The Art And Science Of Love* by Albert Ellis. Life Science Inc. (1984 points) Sophisticated and liberal, most suitable for the knowledgeable married couple and helpful in otherwise not

continued on page 64

Welcome to Scandinavia's "Open Season"

Nobody loves summer more than the Scandinavians. But then, nobody loves the fall and winter more either. Because that's when Denmark, Sweden and Norway really open up. Escapement runs high. Prices are low. And so are the furs on our daily fashions from New York, Montreal, Chicago, Los Angeles and Seattle — even distant lights this way other airlines. And after you've seen Scandinavia, we can send you on to the rest of Europe, the rest of the world — wherever your heart takes you this autumn.



OPEN SEASON AT THE THEATERS. Opera houses and concert halls open in September (as does in Stockholm). Then it's the Royal Danish Ballet, Sweden's Royal Opera. Brilliant revivals of contemporary international literature. And the local edition of "Hans"

OPEN SEASON FOR SWINGERS. The nights are lively in Scandinavia, and so are the people. (Just ask any one who's been there.) Night spots, cabarets, jazz clubs, discotheques. The fun goes on all right, if you think you're up to it.

OPEN SEASON ON BARGAINS. And the Danes Gamble in Copenhagen, Oslo, Bergen and Stockholm, when shops and showrooms put on special exhibits of Scandinavian craftsmanship. Best buys, anything for the home. Antiques, jewelry and fun Sports equipment.



OPEN SEASON FOR GOURMETS. The most delicious fish in the world. Fresh game. Seasonal mushroom stews. Incredible smorgasbords. In possibly rich desserts. Aquavit and beer. The Scandinavians know to eat and drink and, like everything else, they love to do it well.



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AT YOUR SERVICE TRAVEL

For the tallest fish tail of all, take a catamaran from a Canary island and catch yourself a 350-pound shark

BY ANGEL HAPTER ANDREWS

My stomach was sick that I expected to get no further than London, and so it seemed delightfully unexpected to be sitting in the sun at an outdoor café in Las Palmas, Canary Islands, sipping frost-free Spanish bread and a small cup of treacle black coffee ("blood thickener" they call it), trying to read but being distracted by the passing parade of huge Scandinavian blondes. As good a way as any to while away the time until I went shark fishing.

Shark fishing and the most I'd expected was a row on the Serpentine in London's Hyde Park garden through the banners of a British water.

It was this way the Canaries' holiday season is from November to March, which is also the off-season for transatlantic fares. The off-season 14- to 21-day excursion fare to London is \$146 from Toronto or \$428 from Vancouver. But you can fly to the Canary Islands via Lisbon for 201 more than the London fare.

In any event, the Canaries are inexpensive enough to compensate for the extra fare very quickly, if only in the price of hotels and Spanish bread. Otherwise there are two-week charter trips, which include hotel and some meals, from Toronto and Montreal. Cost, around \$500.

What really is incredible is that the Canaries have not yet been taken over by North American tourists. Europeans, Scandinavians especially, have long found them a paradise escape from the black waters and scorching summers north of the Pyrenees. As a result, the island of Tenerife has long been a resort, and the other main island, Gran Canaria, is slowly becoming one. Apartment hotels no longer is delightful, secluded boys once accessible only by boat. However, the pace of life in the Canaries is such that it will be many years before the fishing villages and hill towns are totally overgrown by the 20th century.

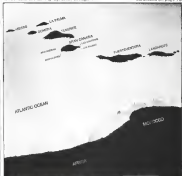
I had gone to Las Palmas alone and spent my first week dashing around the metropolitan northern half of Gran Canaria in a tiny rented European car, waiting passenger bilabio hunters and little fishing villages swelling under great lowering cliffs, buying gifts imported from Spain, and finding it wasn't really necessary to speak Spanish to talk to the golden Swedish girls who lay in droves on the beach at the resort of Las Canteras.

Since the Swedes discovered Gran Canaria, they have become one of the major attractions themselves. Largely because of the annual flood of Scandinavian Scandinavians have sprung up in Las Palmas and in the holiday centres on the north of the island. The restaurants are mostly Spanish, though

If you tire of Spanish food you can try the Panga Grill in Las Palmas where international steaks are served Argentine style at around half the price you'd expect to pay here.

But back to the shark fishing. This was my second week and I was going after the most dangerous game fish of them all. Although it isn't heavily promoted, shark fishing is one of the popular and exciting sports available. Yet the cost is modest on Gran Canaria. Perhaps predictably, the best swimming beaches on the island are those protected by natural reefs. So on the beautiful calm day, after my morning "blood thickener," I joined three other fishermen on a chartered catamaran.

As we slipped out of the harbor continued on page 70

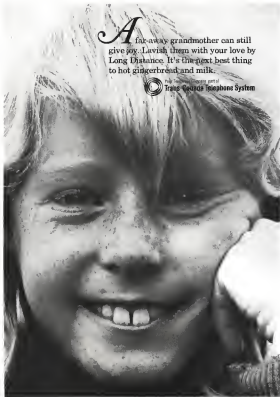


The Canaries' boat, north Atlantic 70 miles off the North African coast.

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There are three Military Colleges which he may attend: The Royal Military College of Canada, at Kingston, Ontario; Royal Roads Military College, in

Victoria, B.C. and College militaire royal de Saint-Jean, in Saint-Jean, Quebec. Or, he could be sponsored for a course at a selected university and take the special training during summer months.

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Please send me further information on ROTP in the Canadian Armed Forces.

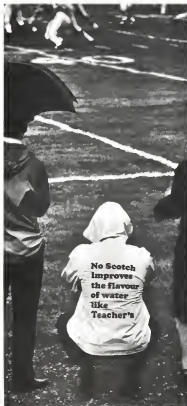
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THE CANADIAN ARMED FORCES



TAKED.

take a deep start up, the skipper put in all a cold beer for breakfast possibly in the hope that we would get some so he could take over our delicious belt-puffed lunches. About six water out we started throwing a revolting mixture of animal blood and fish guts over the side to attract the sharks. We had a trail about a mile long, hoping a shark or sharks would follow it in the right direction — toward the boat.

Then we three fishermen mounted swivel chairs, strapped ourselves in and baited the lines with wriggling, live suckers. After a long, painful wait the ominous shape of a shark's dorsal fin appeared beneath the boat. We crouched cautiously, suddenly took my hat and dove deep.

My two companions nailed in — once a shark is hooked the other lines are drawn up. And then begins a boring, exhausting 90-minute battle. Boring, because the shark's struggles to escape throw me against the chert barriers in which the rod and is mounted and the straps that held me to the swivel chair. Exhausting, because the concentration is intense, the men on the boat almost invisible. The occasional dashes from one side of the boat to the other as the shark pounces in the deep are curious in controlled panic.

But the crew renewed when I did, and finally we brought the shark alongside, killed it with a gaff hook and hung it by its tail at the bow. When I recovered and could drink a beer, I kept staggering forward in glee, open to, hardly able to believe that the ten-and-a-half foot I had ever caught was that big — 10 feet 7 inches.



Three fishermen mounted swivel chairs, strapped ourselves in, baited lines and waited for the ominous shape of a shark's dorsal fin.

A Christmas card that lasts longer than Christmas.



Last year, the Post Office asked Canadian children, 12 and under, "What does Christmas mean to you?" 50,000 children answered and the result is shown here — a collection of 12 delightful paintings reproduced in stamps in a special Christmas card.

There are five 50 stamps, five 56 stamps, a 100 and a 150. And they're all as different and colourful as the children who painted them.

The uncancelled stamps are carefully mounted in the brochure. And along with the names and ages of the children is a description and title for each of the drawings.

Each brochure comes in a specially designed, individual envelope that you can use for mailing to your friends. Simply send the coupon to us or take it to your nearest main Post Office.

At 50¢ each much to pay for a Christmas card that will never be discarded.

Canada Post Office, Philatelic Service, Confederation Heights Division 8 Ontario

Enclosed is my postal money order for \$ to Christmas card brochures to be mailed to the address below. If brochures are to be mailed to different addresses please indicate on a separate sheet.

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☐ Deduct payment from my deposit account

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Avoid the Christmas Rush. Mail early.
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Over eight thousand Canadians are members. Swinging singles, families and half a million contented people around the world. Each Club is a self contained village, usually built in the local style. Accommodation is in comfortable cottages with private facilities. The food is excellent. Eat as much as you wish. Wine included. Depending on the location chosen you will be able to scuba dive, sail, water ski, learn jiu-jitsu, tennis or go deep sea fishing. Professional instruction and the finest equipment supplied free. Drinking entertainment, dancing and much more.



A 7 day holiday at Gendouloze costs as little as \$296 per person. Two weeks at Tahiti from \$230 and \$296 at Agadir. 30s holidays in Europe from \$200 for two weeks.*

For a free full colour brochure featuring the Club locations, holiday departure dates and activities available, complete and mail the coupon below, or, better still, see your travel agent.

*Prices vary according to season.

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TRAVEL

from now on had had 350 pounds. The tail, dead but still very smelly, sat beside my apartment all summer, keeping both the bugs and me off the balcony.

That evening the English skipper of the boat took me to see another side of Las Palmas. We went for aguas at El Herrado, one of many ancient hot-spring restaurants. There we sat in a crowded, smoky room, surrounded by voladores (Cansinos), and sampled little dishes of highly spiced smoked meats and peppers arranged on a plate — tiny wrinkled salty potatoes dipped into a very hot sauce. Much later in the evening I lost my shirt betting on pa-also, the incredibly fast bull game the Irish in all Spanish-speaking countries, and in Florida as well. Later still I accepted an invitation to the Sunday cocktail, but when I heard how bloodthirsty it gets — if you will forgive an atrocious pun — I chickened out.

I found it more relaxing to spend a Las Palmas Sunday in the Pueblo Centro (Coney Village), a delightful square surrounded by boutiques and cafes. The village was designed in the style of an old Canary hill community by Néstor de la Torre, probably the most famous artist and architect to have come out of the Canary Islands. Part of the complex is a museum to de la Torre's memory, containing many of his sketches (or stage sets and costumes and some magnificent and earthy oil paintings).

On Sunday afternoon dozens gather in the square for exhibitions of Canari-style folk dancing. The intricately costumed women and their attendants during give some idea of



The only fish I ever caught was a few dozen jackies and 350 pounds of beach shark, hoisted on board after an exhausting 90-minute battle."

Continued on page 26

NOW. RUM DRY ENOUGH TO MAKE A MARTINI.



Lamb's White. The dry Rum.

Recipe: pour two ounces of Lamb's White into a martini beaker. Add ice. Then a smidgen of dry vermouth. Stir with a glass rod. Pour gently into a martini glass and garnish with a twist of lemon. Result: the definitive martini—not just dry, but light and smooth too. Cheers.

(More Canadians prefer Lamb's Rums than any other kind.)

Charles Albert Anderson



Released by: TERRY L. JACOBSON, Director, FBI/DOJ

Either way, if you don't do it, it won't get done.

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¹⁰On Monday (19/1), I caught a fly, held it close and watched — a glimpse of the life these beings lead and television.



See your camera dealer or write: Kingway Film Equipment Ltd., 621 Kipling Ave., Toronto 18, Ontario

Can a high-powered pitch sell a low-powered car?

BY ALBERT THOMLEY

THE INTRODUCTION of Detroit's new "baby" cars poses some intriguing questions. First, how will the European and Japanese small-car manufacturers fight back? Second, and most fascinating, how will the buyer be sold?

Detroit car dealers have for years been casting the virtues of big cars — roominess, comfort, massive horsepower, constant repairs. They will still have to do so, to sell the standard-sized cars. And now they will have to lure around and persuade the babies on the ground they're small, low-powered and of a design that won't be changed for years.

The Chevrolet Vega 2300 epitomizes the problem. It is a fairly new car and yet it is classically traditional: front-mounted engine with back-wheel drive, and less reminiscent of the GM-owned German Opel cars.

Its maintenance is simplified to a degree that any dealer dealers with profitable service departments. The Vega comes with instructions for 49 do-it-yourself upkink operations.

The engine is the most interesting feature. Totally new, it is a 2300-cc overhead camshaft unit of aluminum in which aluminum are used so that six steel liners are needed for the cylinders. With an 11:1 compression ratio it is designed for lead-free fuels.

With the four-speed manual shift it is a sporty car, nifty in traffic. With the five-speed automatic transmission it is a gallop wonder. But there is also an optional automatic transmission as well as the three-speed standard equipment gearbox. With all transmissions it drives in the 70s.

The car is surprisingly roomy. The positioning of the steering wheel is better than on most big American cars, it is all-round visibility. It is also more comfortable than it appeared — at least for the driver. The two-door sedan has fairly acceptable headroom in the rear seats, but the rear seat of the coupe will not seat two safely comfortably. □



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The Minolta SR-T 101 is a camera designed to function flawlessly — as naturally as the human body.

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AT YOUR SERVICE MONEY

Don't be a market loser: keep an eye on cardboard

Since the chart of Dow Jones over ages seems to have stopped building up and down like a Yō-Yō, this is as good a time as any to restate the basic rule of investment, which is too often ignored: if you want to make money look for a good market, not good stocks.

The small and medium investor is regarded as the master of the stock market, largely because he times his investments according to the availability of his money, not to the state of the market into which he's pouring it. The man who inherits, say, \$10,000 looks for capital gains and dividend income and sensibly discounts sound stocks, but if he immediately buys in he is making a classic blunder, unless the market is right. If it isn't, he'll be worse off than on his cash.

It is almost astonishing to say that if the market looks like a loser, there are no good stocks. Since a low market may be about to move up, and a booming market may be about to plummet, it is not easy to diagnose its real health. But these rules should help.

□ A market turn almost always takes place before a similar turn in the whole economy. It "predicts" the economic future, usually more or less correctly.

□ Note what the stock analysts say, not about individual stocks (they are always recommending something) but about the market and business generally. Work down after that. A turn is a hard way, it probably is.

□ Watch the national money supply. If it is increasing quickly, it means more money is available for the market and for economic activity. This figure — in Canada, it is the total of currency and deposits in banks — is published weekly by the Bank of Canada.

□ Try to keep track of orders for our drive belts. They are used to turn out other goods. Rising orders reflect factory owners' optimism about future sales of their own products.

Other indicators include orders for paperboard to make boxes in which goods are packaged and shipped, new orders for steel, orders received by manufacturers and bank loans to industry. Such figures are available either from the Dominion Bureau of Statistics or on page 85.



Vive la différence!

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Normandie

Canadian Wines from European grapes

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Carcinoma

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In a single year, cancer deaths among Canadian workers between the ages of 20 and 64 rob them of 73,770 man-years of work. In addition many thousands of man-hours are lost from illness caused by cancer (carcinoma is the name given by doctors to cancers of one particular type). This loss can be reduced by the early detection and treatment of cancer and a knowledge of cancer prevention.

Learn how to prevent cancer. Call your local unit of the Canadian Cancer Society and ask for the pamphlet "73,770 Man-Years Lost."

Canadian Cancer Society
Cancer can be beaten

This space is contributed by the publisher

MONEY

Statistics — which paint out a daily picture summarizing its statistics — of industry associations. The Canadian Pulp and Paper Association sends up paperboard orders every month, for instance.

□ Tabulate manufacturers' inventories as indicated by DGS. Low inventories mean new orders must increasingly be filled by new production, which stimulates the economy.

□ Don't ignore the significance of the DGS index of industrial production, which, along with other useful figures, will be found in the Bank of Canada's monthly *Business Summary*.

□ Note prevailing rates on alternative investments to stocks, such as bonds. If they are particularly high when compared with the dividend paid on stocks, they may draw money from the market. This tends to keep stock prices low, as it did earlier this year.

□ A rising money supply and special government programs may stimulate home building, real estate and construction. Sales of new cars — reviewed monthly by the auto firms and often printed in the papers — have significance for stores of auto and auto-parts makers.

□ Governments should be watched. If they are running deficits, the economy is likely to be stimulated. Surpluses will probably depress it.

□ Don't pay too much attention to unemployment, the total production of goods and services (Gross National Product) and consumer prices. They are either not particularly good indicators of current and future trends or are published too late to do the investor much good. They are also too broad in their coverage of the economy that they do not allow you to draw many specific conclusions.

There are many other indicators, of course. And if you follow these rules you will not always be right. But you will be wrong much less often. There is little point in picking a "good" stock early in a bad market. You'll probably see it decline for months and will panic to keep your capital gains. □



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The best looking,
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Number One stays Number One in '71 with totally new styling. Long, sleek, low and lean. With a weaker stance and lower centre of gravity, Mustang grips the road for superb handling. Choose from six of the year's most exciting cars—no one else gives you the same choice. There's Mustang Sportswagon that stands a mere 50 inches high. Mach I, a dynamic fusion of swept back styling and astutism performance. The all new Boss 351 that leaves no doubt in the beholder's mind that here is something to be reckoned with. Grandt, that introduces a new level of luxury to the sports car class, while Mustang Hardtop combines the sheer fun of driving with a low price tag. And for the top-down fans, Mustang Convertible sets the pace beautifully for '71. More than ever Mustang is Number One. See the best looking, best handling Mustangs ever at your Ford Dealer. Now. After all, you're younger than you think.

Colors and prices shown are optional.

MUSTANG '71

More than ever - Number One.

Mustang Mach I



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24 Ways To Make Your World A Better Place

BY MARJORIE HARRIS

1 POLLUTION CONTROL is inconvenient. It may mean spotty dishes and grey under wear until science perfects air-purifying soaps. It means walking an extra few blocks to find pollutant-free products. It means curling the lips to see heavy oils of those labor-saving gadgets you soon grow out-hating. It means taking time to agitate for the only things that can really reduce the threat to the environment — new laws and decisions laws.

It also means accepting that industry and politicians, however culpable are not the only ones to blame. Yes, the consumers are responsible for about 60% of all pollution. So, our dishwashers, our coffee-makers, our dentists for the perfect work-free apple which needs potentially dangerous pesticides do need to evolve the world.

What follows is a list of 24 ways you can help preserve the world for tomorrow. Implementing some of them could create unemployment, damage economic health, lower the standard of living, and be politically disastrous. To an orthodox economist or politician they might appear too pedestrian. But if you accept the views of those experts of all nationalities who argue that the survival of the world is at stake, then they make long term sense.

1 Think twice about using your car. Walk if you can. Join a car pool instead of driving to work alone. Campaign to reverse the present loophole in

which it's cheaper to be a polluter than a non-polluter. It takes an gas waste so high that a car, say \$1 a gallon, it would deter people from driving to work and make cars pools and public transit more popular. It would also create a huge demand for more efficient engines, smaller and generally safer cars. The tax hike would pay for improving public transportation. And fuel highly taxed gas should, by law, be free of lead, which when burned in engines is a major pollutant.

2 Make scores at the stores about unnecessary wrapping in groceries. Leave super foods, prepping with the store owner and suggest he send it back to the manufacturer. Buy only what you use. Reuse. Reuse. Reuse. plastic, string, all materials.

3 Never accept nonreturnable containers. Politely, only those stores that carry returnable bottles. Demand that your personal liquor board make all booze bottles returnable.

4 Don't buy anything in aerosol cans — they create noxious gases when atomized.

5 Try to recycle all waste. For instance, start a backyard compost heap with your grass cuttings and vegetable refuse. You can use the wealth in your flower beds. If the grass cuttings and leaves collected by your municipal garbage men are burned, asphalt for a town compost heap that everyone can use — including the parks department, which wouldn't need to spend so much on chemical fertilizers.

6 Tell your local newspaper you will save all its editors for them to pick up at the month's end. If they refuse to collect them, take your old papers down and dump them in the publisher's lap.

7 Three million acres of land are covered with cement in North America each year, defamed that the same acreage be covered annually.

8 Promote a program to replace by planting every tree cut down either by the municipality a private concern or an individual.

9 Whenever you learn of a place of parkland being razed for development, or of a threat to a local preserve or national park or conservation area — head. A good man to complain to is John Chelbick, Manager of Indian Affairs and Northern Development, 4000 Univer. W. Ottawa, Ont. He is responsible for our national parks.

10 Don't have more than two children. North America's population in terms of consumption is more dangerous ecologically than that of India. The difference is, North Americans consume 80% of the world's natural resources. The more children we have, the greater the demand. Agitate for abortion reform in the interests of population control.

11 Never use colored toilet paper — Tissues, the dye is a polluter.

12 Don't abandon old cars — demand that manufacturers recall them for the recall.

13 Use low-phosphate detergents.

14 Avoid all a littering. Ask for more wilderness in public places.

15 Protect jumbo jets from noisy neighbors.

16 Oppose the construction of nuclear power plants, and new ways of cooling the re-

actors are devised.

17 Stop back all junk mail.

18 Reform wine hangers to the dry cleaners, they're pretty well as destructible.

19 Never flush toilet tips down a drain. They won't disintegrate.

20 Don't let DDT be banned from tobacco fields. Though prohibited in other forms of agriculture, this most dangerous insecticide can be used by tobacco farmers. It pollutes the land, waterways — and your food.

21 Use electricity sparingly — and most big companies and buildings — also. Hydropower is a most recent to most desirable, but supplementary generating plants, which burn sulphur, polluting fuels are needed.

22 Let's revert to the 1940s. Live on a wartime diet, plant Victory For Victory gardens in backyards, on balconies, in vacant lots. Grow vegetables without the insecticides that pollute the soil and ultimately in your body.

23 Make an anti-pollution candle a day. Give him (and any politician who wants to build a new expressway through your backyard) a copy of The Environmental Handbook (Harper and Row, 1966).

24 Above all, don't give up. Inter national experts agree that if the world is to survive, pollution control must become a worldwide lifestyle. Not just the year's cause for the opposition politician. Join your local anti-pollution or defense group. Write for reprints of this list. Send it to teachers, schools, business leaders and enlist their aid. You're nothing to lose but life itself. □

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The transcontinental line was completed on November 7, 1885.

We go back to March 18th, 1964.

Before Canada was even Canada.

On that day, in the town of London, Ontario, 25 pioneer businessmen gathered together in this room above MacFie's Store and founded what is now Canada Trust.

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Now that small brick building behind MacFie's Store is gone. So is MacFie's Store.

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"By using the maximum amount of energy and intelligence to bear on the project in order to most effectively serve the client."

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REVIEWS

NOVEMBER 1970

A Maple Leaf On Every Turntable Means Made-In-Canada Pop Stars

BY PETER GODDARD



[HE SINGS] now and then about some new rock group notwithstanding, the Canadian music industry has enjoyed its greatest With few exceptions, its function has been to mirror the parent industry in the United States. You could be guaranteed that whatever was big in Los Angeles soon would be big in Kitchener. It was cozy, in a near-language sort of way, until the Canadian Radio-Television Commission stepped in earlier this year. Nothing's been the same since.

What the CRTC did was simple enough: it requested that by January 18, 1971, 10% of music played on AM radio in Canada should be, in some part, Canadian (the performer must be Canadian, or the performance must be recorded in Canada, or the lyrics must be written by a Canadian), and that by January 1972, the proportion of Canadian content should be increased still further.

There was only one problem — nobody knew how it would work. Radio stations complained that there wasn't enough Canadian "product" to play. Record companies protested that the radio stations wouldn't play the Canadian material they were already offering. And, indeed, some of the problems seemed beyond solution where, for instance, would Canadian (musical) recordings come from? It was one thing to have a Canadian pianist, but when would anyone find a Canadian who wrote his material?

Nevertheless, the Canadian music industry has responded

to the CRTC's demands and right now it's beginning to stretch its limbs. "When I first heard of the CRTC rulings," says one radio executive, "I could imagine the record companies recording anything that moved. And in the last couple of months they damn near have!" Luckily, a couple of good new artists have come out of it: five new private radio stations guarding against shortages of the Canadian "product," are getting into the recording business. Following the lead of Toronto's CFMT, which in 1962 started the Canadian Talent Library (now with 172 subscriber stations and 133 LPs featuring about 1,700 Canadian musicians). And the Canadian Association of Broadcasters, with 245 member radio stations across the country, has launched a record company, called Acorn, which it claims will be Canada's largest.

There's a gold rush on

rock groups such as Toronto's Edward Bear find themselves touring Western Canada, where actually they'd have been sent to New York City, to promote their albums. Another group, across Canada are going to tour to facilitate cross-country tours for groups pushing new Canadian recordings. New, all-Canadian record companies, such as Toronto's Minic, Revolver and True North Productions, have sprung up overnight. Says Neil Kinross, editor and publisher of RPM magazine, the Canadian recording industry's trade journal "This is something we've been looking for years. If it works out, Canada might really take something."

We already have. The boom created by the CRTC's Canadian content quota — helped along by a renaissance of Canadian nationalism [Capitol Records is stocking "South Canadian" labels]

occurred on the Canadian flag on new albums by Canadian performers) — is a growing national movement, who might otherwise have had to wait for "recognition" in the United States, a shot at made-in-Canada status. For instance:

One of Canadian pop music's first traditions is that giving the band that makes good, the most celebrated example, of course, being The Band. But the new demand for Canadian-made music should make the transition quicker and easier for **Manitoba**. The boys in this band — Pierre Senechal, Rayburn White, Jerry Mercer and Brian Edwards — have certainly come enough time in Montreal. A year ago, those of them were known as The Tempest, but they weren't going anywhere and didn't see any doors opening. So they added a fourth, changed their name, came up with a blues-rock cover sound and wrote a bunch of old songs. A contract with Columbia, a selling album and a hit single, called *The Years Are By, were followed* — and with it solution as Canada's answer to everything that's hip and prestigious.

One of MacFie's is a skunk-finger who wears a patch over one eye and looks as if he hasn't been eating or sleeping enough. After knocking around the country for a couple of years — playing guitar with a Toronto band called Little Caesar and The Combs, picking potatoes at Prince Edward Island, appearing occasionally on CBC-TV's *Singing Jubilee* — he at last comes by his appearance honestly. The CRTC's



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work at university — was as quick by Tuesday Canada's Fox of Canada as a "tourist" to accompany John and Mary in their respective apartments across the country. It earned \$5,000 in rentals and continues to be in demand (in Hamilton it recently enjoyed a seven-week run paired with *Remed: The Valley Of The Dolls*). Toronto's Triplex film critic Cyric Cismor, noting that *Overdrive* received daily encores during its run at the Hollywood Theatre, observed that "an ancient movie-maker told me when one chance in 10,000 of doing a student film that is not only acceptable but also runs for two months and will attract applause at the top of Toronto's movie theatres. But young Tim's a realist; he's done it, and he's only starting."

In 1991, Reisman founded New Cinema of Canada, a company specializing in the distribution of such distinguished films as Jean-Luc Godard's *Sympathy For The Devil*, *Wind From The East*, Peter Watkins's *The Ghetto*, and Wim Wenders's *Beyond X* and Joseph Losey's *The Servant*. This year he formed Tim Reisman Productions Limited, currently filming *Foxy Lady*, a \$200,000 feature financed by Filmco's Players of Canada, Cinéma Distributors and the Canadian Film Development Corporation, for national release in February. As president of the two companies, Reisman employs a full-time staff of seven people in his Avenue Road office and a production staff of 15. As producer-director of *Foxy Lady*, he previously costarred more than 300 prospective actors and technicians before casting the leads, 94 bit parts, and selecting his crew. (He will also edit the film and compose its music.) "Film-making is primarily a business end, but business allows, as art," Reisman says. "When officials from major companies in the Canadian film industry met at our headquarters, I think they are surprised by our efficiency and dedication. At first hearing they think that a company like New Cinema of Canada must be crowded with a bunch of dreamers and bagmen, hanging on to a few who don't know anything about making and distributing films. They were surprised that we have professional executives who look after all details and financial matters and lawyers who draft every one of our contracts, that we have a Coca-Cola machine or a Canadian rights to a new feature. When people hear you're only doing it for the sake of acceptance."

There are no easy answers today that it's difficult to distinguish the voices of genuine talent from the reverberating echoes of the past. But one of the more revealing signs of appreciating their originality and independence of mind — qualities essential to becoming artists — is to observe how different they are if they constantly use expressions such as "going it together," "groovy," "go trip," "high on," then they are probably as true as their vocabulary is loaded. It is no coincidence that Reisman, like the most aggressive of the new Canadian film makers — Paul Almond (*Off The Map*), Dan Siskel (*Minor Details*), and Robert Fothergill (*Countdown*) — is a triathlete. Anyone capable of making an original film has no difficulty in creating fresh-met ideas and clearing his own veins of expressing them.

Last year Reisman produced *Columbus Of Sex*, the first Canadian film charged with obscenity under the Criminal Code and currently the subject of an appeal before the Ontario Supreme Court. But he is no pornography. "I don't know whether to regard my original intent as the best badge of courage as the 'social realist' of film-making, but we tried to take *Columbus Of Sex* to the Supreme Court of Canada if necessary. That's as tall as the cultural bar in the establishment of our country low, people who haven't seen many modern films

would think *Columbus* somewhat shocking, but they would be equally shocked by *Har or Dismissed* as *99*."

While the courts wrestle with *Columbus Of Sex*, another new work — during the six-week shooting period of *Foxy Lady*, 18 hours a day, Producer Assistant Marcus Reisman says, "Many of the cast and crew came down with AIDS, flu, or simple physical exhaustion trying to keep up with him. He needs at the moment that he's usually energetic, and kept going on that when some were working on something as basic as a five six hour sleep is enough. I sometimes have the feeling I'm working double shifts in a Volkswagen bus."

The second chapter in Canadian film history is being written by Paul Almond, Dan Siskel, and Claire Joris. *Off The Map*, now whose work has long been in production, but the most encouraging pointer for the next chapter is the emergence of individuals such as Tim Reisman, for whose all the ingredients of Stanley Kubrick's *2001* is confined inside would simply spill a deafening Sunday after noon.

LOOK FOR FILMS

ES—Something For Everyone. Few films released this year have clearer title to the word "classical" than this comic equivalent of rare vintage champagne. With echoes of Joseph Losey's *The Servant* and Pasolini's *Torremolinos*, Michael York portrays a mysterious stranger who alters the lives of an entire household through his sexual opportunism. Angela Lansbury, in a devastating performance, and Juste Courcier as Mary McLaughlin, in *The Prison Of Jean Dabry*, prove that it blackened we is for aspired being it's a taste well worth sipping. Harold Pinter, who has defied as a third director with such nerve and wit as the endless appeal of the end of the film, warmly and humorously deals with his love relationship.

BOOKS

Getting to know our native peoples

BY ROBERT WEAVER

Now THAT INDIGENOUS or "native" toward the Canadian Indians and Eskimos is beginning to give way to more serious and perhaps more serious thoughts about Red Power, it isn't surprising that a few writers have begun to bring back imaginative reports about the way two people live. Sooner or later a poem to good as John Newlove's *The Poet*, an elegy for the vanished tribes of the Canadian West, or plays such as Geoffrey Birt's *Indian* and *The Kinsmen* of Ken Jos, flawed in some respects, but strong dramatic and social statements nevertheless.

At first glance Alan Fry's novel *How A People* seems likely to be a work of similar quality. The author, who lives on Quilts Island off the coast of British Columbia, has been working with Indian since 1956 and obviously knows them well. Fry's novel begins with the discovery that an 11-month-old Indian child, Annette Joseph, has died of meningitis, infection and pneumonia, and with the decision of an RCMP officer to charge her mother and father with neglect. The 12 members of the Joseph family have been living in the St.

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